

Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 30, 1975 75 CENTS

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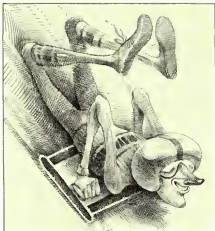
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"IT'S A SONY"

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Next Week

DOWN MEXICO WAY a vast new resort master-planned by the government has just opened on Cancun, an island off the coast of Yucatan. Jerry Kirshenbaum covers the waterfront, Julie Campbell unveils the new swimbuits.

RUN IT UP A LITTLE has always been Dan Lasater's approach. He felt that way when he was a quick-food king, writes Frank Deford. It's still his philosophy as the youthful owner of thoroughbred racing's winningest stable.

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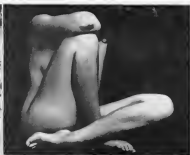
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SCORECARD

Edited by ANDREW CRICHTON

SCORE ONE FOR THE WOMEN

There is only one way to view the events that took place in Washington last week when a record number of delegates (954, including 44 college presidents, also a record) gathered for the 69th annual National Collegiate Athletic Association convention. The NCAA's directors had their heads handed to them by the Association for Intercollegiate Athletics for Women, which was convened 1,410 miles away in Houston. The NCAA deserved at least as much.

The debacle had its beginnings last year when representatives of the two organizations met to discuss affiliation. But soon after, the NCAA Council went on its own tack and secretly drew up plans for a women's program to be administered by the men. Suspicions were aroused that all was not right in a pre-convention interview granted by the NCAA executive director of many years, Walter Byers. He favored starting women's athletics at the club level, ignoring the fact that the women were already well launched. Thereafter, women "should be accorded . . . financing to the level of their interest." He did not consider the women's 2½% share of all funds spent on athletics inadequate.

Word next leaked from Washington that the NCAA would announce a pilot program offering national championship competition for women. Dr. Norman Miller, a UCLA vice-chancellor, said in Houston, "It is the biggest betrayal of my life." Chancellor Herbert Schoofing of the University of Missouri assured the AIAW of his backing, and President Robert MacVicar of Oregon State said he favored tabling the NCAA proposal pending discussion with the women.

It was a steely audience that faced a Byers assistant, Tom Jernstedt, whose appearance before the AIAW had been promised by the NCAA. The slipshod nature of the NCAA's planning was soon evident in his evasive answers to a steady drumming of questions. Why the neces-

sity of championships when the AIAW already was staging 11 title events? No answer. Why were women not to run the program or even be in on the planning of it? No idea. Jernstedt did not know, either, how the pilot program could be financed or what the NCAA would do about such non-member colleges as Wellesley, Smith and Immaculata, the three-time AIAW basketball champion.

Under strong pressure from Houston and cries of "piracy," the NCAA delegates passed a resolution calling for a joint committee to study women's athletics and report back in 1976.

This was to have been a historic NCAA convention. Other areas of major consideration were cost cutting and rules infractions and enforcement. Considerable headway was made in the latter category, but absolutely nothing was accomplished as far as curtailing operating costs was concerned, a plan to return to one-platoon football (see *Arden*) not even reaching a vote. One suspects that if important savings were to be made, they would be in the women's program, but the women were having none of it. That was historic.

TWO FOR ONE

Whether to return to one-platoon football or not is a problem with surprising twists. While it was assumed at the NCAA convention that only the financially pressed smaller schools favored limiting substitution, it was the University of Oregon that attempted to raise the issue and Penn State's Joe Paterno who earlier had presented the strongest arguments for a cutback. On the other hand, Coach Bill Ramseyer of little (660 students) Wilmington College in Ohio thinks that a return to one-platoon would be the very thing to force the small schools under.

Ramseyer reasons this way. Football at Wilmington attracts about 50 freshman candidates a year. Since there are no athletic scholarships, the players pay the same tuition and fees as other stu-

dents. They enroll at Wilmington because they know they will have a chance to play. Take that away and they will have less reason to go to Wilmington and, says Ramseyer, "very few small colleges can stand to lose students now."

As ludicrous as it seems, if Ramseyer is right—and costs for the huge squads and bloated coaching staffs at the big schools keep increasing—the solution may be for major schools to readopt one-platoon football while smaller institutions stand pat.

IT FEELS SO GOOD

It took a bit of undoing, but Willard Norris finally has got off for a short holiday. In a two-week span, the National Hockey League linesman 1) broke his nose, 2) suffered a 16-stitch cut in his right hand and 3) broke a bone in his right leg. He was given 10 days of unbroken time to recuperate.

QUID PRO QUID

Joey Rosenzweig is eight and an autograph nut. One night a few weeks ago



his father took him to the Nassau Coliseum for his first professional basketball game. He had his book firmly in hand and his priorities under stern control. He was after big men.

"Who's that?" he asked as a particularly tall Net strode by.

"Billy Paulitz," his father said.

"He looks like a good one," Joey exclaimed and darted on court during the pregame warmup to nail the 6'11" center.

continued

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Suddenly, as he looked up from his own 4'11" height, Joey's nerve left him. He stood speechless, but after a moment he brightened.

"If you'll sign my autograph book," he told Paulitz, "I'll protect you against midges."

When Paulitz could stop laughing, he signed.

THE PRICE OF PROGRESS

There is something wonderfully old fashioned in college soccer's All-America selections. It is as though the '20s were back and stout men from Washington & Jefferson and Lafayette and Centre were taking their places on Walter Camp's football All-America alongside the Harvards and Yales and Princetons and, occasionally, a lone Ohio Stater.

The most acclaimed player of the year, Farrukh Quraishi, played his modified for Oneonta State in New York. Michael Ian Bain and Bruce Hudson, close behind, were from Howard and St. Louis. The team included stars from Wooster of Ohio, Loyola of Baltimore, the University of Missouri at St. Louis, Southern Illinois Edwardsville and Keene (N.H.) State. Not that better-known schools were left out. There were two selections from the University of Connecticut, an Air Force midfielder, even a goalie from Cornell and a striker from UCLA.

Those who play the game in this country hope passionately for the day when their All-America will rank in importance with the many manufactured for college football. But should such popularity come, there is no doubt which schools would dominate the selections. The Bridgeports, Hartwicks and Cortland States would live only as fond memories.

HIGH OLD CAMP

Walter Camp did more than review the football season and choose All-America teams. He was a physical education buff who swore by exercise. His *Daily Dozen*, a phrase that lives on in the American idiom, had a profound effect on a generation brought up in the ample shadows of trenchmen like President William Howard Taft and Diamond Jim Brady. In fact, just this New Year's one of Camp's disciples was named a knight on Queen Elizabeth's list of honors. He is P. G. Wodehouse, the British-born humorist who gave the world that proper butler Jeeves and that proper ass Gussie

Fink-Nottle and who, at 93, is still turning out at least a novel a year. As he has done every morning since 1919 when they first appeared in *American* magazine, Wodehouse began the day of the announcement with all 12 Camp exercises.

There is nothing in Camp's background to suggest a strong orientation to the East, but his routine is remarkably similar to the *tan-chi* phase of *wu shu*, the Chinese discipline that emphasizes deep breathing and slow, undemanding repetition rather than the vigorous leaping about seen often today. In Camp's first exercise, for example, one merely stands erect, hands at side and feet at a 60-degree angle. By the second exercise he has advanced to placing his hands on his hips. The most strenuous is No. 9, the crouch, done slowly five times.

Wodehouse admits to weakness in his legs and relies on a cane when he walks. He had a bad fall some time ago and broke a table but reported proudly that he did not seem to have done much harm to himself. As Fink-Nottle would say, "What ho!"

BREAKTHROUGH

During last spring's protracted negotiations that brought the National and American basketball associations close to merger, the ABA proposed a solution to that bugbear of all professional sports, the reserve clause, that merits more serious study than it received at the time. It may well turn out to be the prototype for future player-management agreements.

The reserve clause binds a player to one team until he is traded or sold, when he is bound by contract again. In its place the ABA suggested what it called the "first right of refusal." The provision would allow any team to negotiate with a player from another team, but the club that owned the services of the player—through draft or otherwise—would have the right to make a counter offer. According to Mike Storen, ABA commissioner at the time of the merger talks, the idea was to retain a measure of control over the movement of players while giving them bargaining power to improve their position. "Under the system," he says, "players would reach their true value instead of the value they negotiated when they came out of college. The better players who deserve more would get more, and the journeymen who weren't worth as much probably would earn less."

Storen believes that the federal court ruling on Joe Kapp (SCORECARD, Jan. 6) "makes our proposal . . . look like we were five years ahead of our time." He could be wrong there. First right of refusal has the ring of a sterling idea that won't want that long.

THOSE ARE THE BREAKS

Hurst, Texas, a Dallas suburb, went three straight years without a pedestrian death, and there was Mayor Bob Hampton receiving a safety award from the American Automobile Association—in his hospital bed. The mayor was recovering from a concussion, a couple of broken bones in his shoulder and assorted cuts and bruises. Fell off his bike.

THEIR TOWN

If you have not been particularly aware of the fact, the people of East Chicago, Ind. have. Three basketball players who graduated from Washington High in 1971, Pete Trgovich, Junior Bragelman and Tim Stoddard, start for UCLA, Louisville and North Carolina State, which were ranked second, third and fourth nationally last week. A fourth player, Darrell Adell, transferred from Murray State and is being redshirted at North Carolina State, where he may start at guard next season.

East Chicago was riding a hot streak. The state champ in 1970 was Roosevelt down the street from Washington. That team was led by Jim Bradley. He will be recalled as the pleasant giant who took Northern Illinois University to national ranking before quitting last year to join the ABA's Kentucky Colonels.

THEY SAID IT

- Mark Shannon, Springfield College basketball star, asked what he would do if he were a coach. "I'd be demanding, stern, happy, concerned, encouraging, respectful, gracious and aggressive. I'd be a hell of a coach."
- David Owen, Toronto Zoo executive, explaining the zoo's intention to get more animals. "We are acutely conscious of the high profile of the low animal count."
- Eddie Sutton, Arkansas basketball coach, commenting on the decision of the Southwest Conference to use lie-detector tests during investigations of recruiting violations. "If you strapped a couple of coaches I know into a polygraph chair, they'd be electrocuted."

END



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Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 20, 1976

PITTSBURGH



PUNCHES IT OUT



Pressuring the Vikings with a vigorous attack and an overwhelming defense, the Steelers bulldozed their way to sweet victory in the Super Bowl

by DAN JENKINS

Slashing Franco Harris drove to a super record for rushing.

CONTINUED

And now, for an encore, the Pittsburgh Steelers' defense will pick up Tulane Stadium and throw it into the middle of Bourbon Street. L.C. Greenwood, or perhaps Mean Joe Greene, will swallow what is left of Fran Tarkenton in a crawfish bisque. Why not? Along with Ernie Holmes and Dwight White, they have already enjoyed dining on the Minnesota running game—has anyone tasted Chuck Foreman's jersey lately?—and making Vikings fly this way and that through the frozen gray sky over New Orleans.

In the 16-6 Super Bowl victory last Sunday that Pittsburgh richly deserved, the Steeler defense was so magnificent that the Viking offense never scored a single point, except two for Pittsburgh. The Steel Curtain was physical and unyielding; at one point, with a yard to go for a first down, Tarkenton decided his best play was a long count that might lure the Steelers offside, evidently because he felt he had no hope of making the yard any other way.

The Steeler defense was so much in control of the game that the Vikings gained only 17 yards on the artificial turf, 12 fewer than Pittsburgh yielded to Oakland in the AFC championship. Tarkenton must have known it was going to be one of those days. He went to the air early and stayed there, not that it did him much good. Rolling to his right to evade the Pittsburgh defenders who kept swarming after him, he threw 27 times and completed just 11 for only 102 yards. Three of his passes were intercepted, four were deflected and many were hurried.

With defense like this, it was inevitable that the game would have a lot of insane turnaround plays, and it did. How about a safety, which made the score 2-0 Pittsburgh at halftime? Tarkenton, on his own 10-yard line, faked a quick pitch-out and tried to hand the ball to Dave Osborn on a drive. But the ball either hit Chuck Foreman's hip or Foreman's hip hit the ball, and the next thing anybody knew Tarkenton was scrambling—after the ball, which was scooting toward the end zone—and being pursued by every Steeler but Art Rooney. Fran prevented a Pittsburgh touchdown by recovering the ball and sliding across the goal line with it for the safety.

Tarkenton was in several other unnatural poses throughout the day because of the Pittsburgh defense. There was the aforementioned occasion when, with



Dwight White (78) and Jack Lambert (58) bring Dave Osborn down in a wild tangle of legs.

fourth-and-one at their 37, the Vikings decided to gamble. They lined up tight. Fran bent over the center and began reciting either the signals or *Swann's Way*. Weeks went by and eventually the play ended up in an argument and no play at all. It was still fourth-and-one and the Vikings decided there was nothing left to do now but punt.

Then there was the time Tarkenton threw two passes on the same play. This was another of those marvelous interludes where Fran was running for life and limh, looking for Wide Receiver John Gilliam downfield where he might be interfered with—which turned out to be Minnesota's best play all day and, one might add, its only hope. Tarkenton threw the ball. It was deflected by L. C. Greenwood right back to Tarkenton, who threw another pass. This one got to

Gilliam for an electrifying gain, except that there happens to be this rule that you cannot throw two forward passes on the same play.

In his behalf, it must be noted that Tarkenton did get one drive going toward the end of the first half. He moved Minnesota 55 yards to the Pittsburgh 25. At that point he passed across the middle to Gilliam near the goal line, but the ball was batted out of his hands and Mel Blount intercepted.

The final embarrassment for the Minnesota offense came after it got the biggest break of the game early in the fourth quarter with Pittsburgh leading 9-0. The Steelers' Mike Wagner drew an interference call for shoving Gilliam on a deep pattern, which gave Minnesota a first down at the Pittsburgh five. Suddenly it was a ball game again, but on the first

play from scrimmage, Mean Joe Greene pinched so fast on a Foreman stab at the middle that Foreman fumbled, and after poking around for a while Greene came up with the ball. As he trotted off the field, Greene, who earlier had intercepted a pass, gestured triumphantly, shaking his fist at the Vikings, a Steeler way of saying who was the boss. It was the Steeler defense.

In recent weeks, as the Steelers destroyed Buffalo and Oakland on their way to the Super Bowl, the defense had got into the habit of teasing the offense. "Just hold 'em, we'll get the points," Linebacker Andy Russell would say to Terry Bradshaw now and then.

As it happened, Minnesota's defense wasn't bad, either, and it did get the only points the Vikings scored. The touchdown came, typically for this day, on a blocked punt. Matt Blair crashed through to knock down Bobby Walden's punt, the ball bouncing neatly into the hands of Viking Terry Brown in the end zone. But, just as typical of the whole 1974 pro season, Fred Cox saw his placement try for the extra point strike the goalpost and bounce back.

For those who enjoy the mystique of pro football technique, let it now be recorded that the violent Pittsburgh defense was a basic 4-3 with a singular stunt; Greene and Holmes played over the Minnesota center and crushed him, pinching first one way, then another. The result was that Minnesota's guards could not pull, and thus the Vikings had no blocking for their ground game. Foreman got all their sad handful of rushing yards. Osborn was minus a few. Minnesota's Bud Grant, having now lost a third Super Bowl, was more bitter than after the other two. He said it was not a good football game. He said, in fact, "There were three bad teams out there. Us, Pittsburgh and the officials."

That was not accurate. Pittsburgh did what it had to do on defense, and in the meantime a couple of guys on the Steeler offense—Terry Bradshaw, the "dumb quarterback," and Franco Harris—did not have at all a bad day. Harris continually tore away at the Vikings, especially in those interludes when Pittsburgh's right guard, Gerry Mullins, was in the process of knocking down Doug Sutherland or Wally Hilgenberg. A fam-

ble on the second-half kickoff gave Pittsburgh the ball at Minnesota's 30, and in four plays the Steelers had a touchdown, largely because of Harris. He rumbled for 24 yards, lost three and then scored from the nine after Mullins got him around the corner with a block on Hilgenberg. Harris scored standing up. He stood up quite a bit on a day when the wind blew at times up to 25 mph and turned a 46° day into a thing where the "chill factor" was 22° for the 80,997 who sat shivering in what was maybe the last game to be played in creaking Tulane Stadium. Harris gained 158 yards in 34 carries to break Larry Csonka's Super Bowl records of 33 and 145. The Steelers gained 249 all told on the ground, with Rocky Bleier running for 65 and Bradshaw adding 33 more.

And it was Terry who saved the day for the Steelers. With the score 9-6 following the blocked punt and more than 10 minutes remaining, plenty of time for the Vikings, who had the wind at their backs, to go ahead and win, Bradshaw took Pittsburgh 66 yards in an 11-play scoring drive that consumed more than seven minutes and ended all real hope

continued

L. C. Greenwood, at 6'8" the tallest of Pittsburgh's front four, helped squelch the Viking offense by deflecting several of Terkenston's passes.



for Minnesota. Three times he completed third-down passes, the last a four-yard bullet to his tight end, Larry Brown, for a touchdown. In all, Bradshaw hit on nine of 14 for 96 yards.

Bradshaw said afterward, "I've looked at all sides—being a hero and being a jerk. I think I can handle this very well." Something will probably be made of the fact that Bradshaw changed his shoes at halftime, slipping into a pair that had longer cleats, the better to stand up, drop back, roll out or bootleg on the fake turf. (Slippery spots, caused, some claimed, by pockets of air and water beneath the surface, had Steelers slipping repeatedly.) Yet all that needs to be said of Bradshaw is that he has risen to the challenge of his team's three playoff games—against the Bills, Raiders and Vikings—and left each as the best quarterback on the field and, not incidentally, the winning one.

A typical example of Bradshaw's competitiveness was the last play of the first half. He scrambled to his right and gained 17 yards before running into a knot of players at about midfield. It appeared that everybody on both squads was there trying to find Bradshaw and the football. He was in there somewhere. But not really. Suddenly, there he was, still with the ball under his arm, way down the field, running toward the Viking goal. The officials had blown the play dead, and the half was over, but the confident Bradshaw had extended it with a flourish.

Overall, the Steelers' attitude was best reflected by Russell, who had known the dreary days years ago in Pittsburgh. "This team has been loose and casual all year and all this week," he said, "but just before we went out on the field there was a period of quiet. Somebody said, 'Hey, what the hell's all this?' And we started yucking it up again."

But despite the Steelers' determination not to change their team personality, the Super Bowl is more than just a football game, of course. And when you put it in a city like New Orleans it becomes something like the social equivalent of a Middle East war. In a sense, the week was a party-off. The NFL threw one for an intimate gathering of about 5,000 in a place called the Rivergate. The food was so far away from the entrance that John Gilliam would have had to sit down and pant after jogging there. CBS had a room in the Royal Sonesta that showed film loops of such things as the 1958 Colts-Giants

game. You got to watch Johnny Unitas watching Johnny Unitas. There was a party in the still-to-be-completed Louisiana Superdome, where an unlikely combination of personalities—Fred MacMurray, Ray Bolger, Reggie Jackson, Vin Scully and the Steelers' Russell—stood around tossing shrimp shells on the stadium floor that one day, the publicists assure us, will be covered with "Mardi grass."

The French Quarter began to fill up Thursday night, and the whole thing was like one gigantic cocktail party with the edible world of Jacques Cousteau on a plate. The tiny streets were loaded with gangs of people wearing Viking hats with horns sticking out of them, or plastic Steeler hard hats. Someone as recognizable as Howard Cosell or Frank Gifford or Pee Wee Roelle took chances with his safety if he ventured out of his room. Cosell walked out on a balcony one day and gazed down on Royal Street. "There he is!" somebody shouted. "Get him!" Cosell disappeared. A writer said, not altogether in jest, "Howard won't come back out. Too many snipers."

Teams in the past have complained about the distractions of Super Bowl Week, but the Steelers, in it for the first time, seemed to relish the prepregame non-

sense. On Tuesday, as Pittsburgh practiced in a light drizzle, the offensive line threw mud balls at the defense and players rolled around in puddles like children. They even liked the mass press conferences.

"I can't understand why guys complain about the press," said Steeler center Ray Mansfield. "For 10 years, nobody ever knew who I was."

One of the running jokes of the week among reporters was that the intense Chuck Noll was the only guy in the world who could make the unsmiling Grant sound like a comedian, and it was true that Grant was the more quotable coach. For example, in defending his policy of not allowing wives to stay with players (Noll did), Bud said, "They'll have all day after our morning meeting to go sightseeing, shopping, bitching... whatever they do."

Otherwise, the news coming out of the press conferences was gripping. Grant said, "Rain is better than snow." Noll said, "We had Tuesday's workout Tuesday." Grant said, "These are two real fine football teams." Noll said, "Terry Bradshaw is not dumb."

Poor Bradshaw had to devote most of the week to defending himself. "If we lose it's because I'm dumb," he said. "If

Frustrated Yarbenton crawls after fumbled ball as it shoots toward end zone and a safety.



we win it's because everyone played well and I got caught up in the action. The only thing that's going to change my image is the press. People are funny. If you talk slow, you're dumb. If you talk fast, you're a sharpie. If you dress one way, you're a hippie. Another way, you're a conservative. I'm sick of it. Even when I play well I'm a dumbbell. I go to the trouble to have lunch with a lady reporter this week and the first thing she asks me is, "Terry, are you really that dumb?" I just walked away."

He also said, "I think it's O.K. for kids to idolize football players. You need idols so you can daydream."

When Bradshaw was not getting the attention, Joe Greene was. He, too, spoke of images. "I'm not mean," he said. "I avoid violence. We got a lot meaner man on the team than me. Jack Lambert. He's so mean, he don't even like himself."

So it went until Saturday when the coaches and players finally got a reprieve from interviews, and everybody's attention turned to the problem of survival in the streets. From noon Saturday until game time Sunday there was anarchy in the French Quarter. On Saturday night NBC captured the "best party" award with a band and seafood event in a court-



Excellent, arrow-haired Erling Haaland, Greenwood and Mean Joe Greene revel in victory.



yard of the Royal Sonesta. People found themselves standing in line for drinks with Hubert Humphrey or Rogers Morton or Pete Rozelle, or listening to the Steelers' Art Rooney saying, "In the old days when there were just a few of us owners, the only guy who ever cared about winning was Halas. So we let him win because he got mad if he didn't. It was fun just to own a team."

And there were other snatches of conversations that told how it was:

"Bobby Layne's over at Moran's with Staumer, McGee and Hornung. It's not safe anywhere."

"This is Rozelle's fifth party tonight."

"That's the Secretary of Interior? He's the guy who took my cab."

"I saw four fights in one block."

"Most of us who live here have bottled water delivered to our homes."

"What do you eat crawfish with?"

"Namah's asking for two million."

"I saw this couple from Minnesota

propping up a wino so a friend could take their picture with him."

"Somebody said this is Rozelle's eighth party tonight."

"Chuck Noll says there's no such thing as a dull football game."

Sunday finally came, and once again there was little of the drama one hopes for in a Super Bowl. Yet the Vikings' Carl Eller, who was playing in his third, may have explained the reason for this earlier in the week.

"It is the Super Bowl, so I guess some guys try to do super things," he said. "Run over people. Catch a ball 10 feet in the air. Kick 80 yards. But they can't. Because when we finally get around to playing it, it turns out to be just another football game. I guess that's what's wrong with it."

The only thing wrong with this one, as it turned out, was the Pittsburgh Steelers defense, which made it seem slightly unfair.

BYED

GOOD GRIEF, HE'S AT IT AGAIN

Johnny Miller got off to another sizzling start, winning the Phoenix Open by a whopping 14 strokes and giving everyone the impression that he may leave nothing but peanuts for the rest of the pros **by BARRY McDERMOTT**



Instead of premiering at Hollywood and Vine, the pro golf tour set up its cash register in Arizona last week and gave us the Cactus League. For openers, it was Phoenix, and Johnny Miller ran everybody out of the game by playing a pat hand and betting on a 61. Anybody still think he's bluffing?

Miller won the Phoenix Open the same way he always wins, with a smile on his putting stroke, giggling over the last few holes. He sizzled his drives down the creases of the fairways and sighted the flags dead in his irons' cross hairs to shoot rounds of 67-61-68-64—260, 24 under par. He finished 14 strokes ahead of the next man, the widest winning margin in PGA tour history by two strokes.

Miller began the new year exactly as he did the old, when he won the first three tournaments and finished with a record \$353,021. Last season he took all but the alpaca sweater off Jack Nicklaus' back when he won eight tournaments and a lease on Fort Knox. But times, styles and backswings fade. One minute you're sporting a wide tie, the next you can't keep your tee shot out of the parking lot. The cynics wanted to know what would happen when the thespian's voice changed. Well, Miller showed that he still has a spectacular act. The only thing different is the date on his winner's check.

Like comptrollers and the Chinese, golf uses a different calendar. It usually opens its new year in celebrity land—Los Angeles or Pebble Beach—where everyone wears sunglasses at night—then doubles back to Arizona. This year, looking for better weather, golf's politburo selected Phoenix for the start of its almost \$8 million sweepstakes that stretches from sea to shining sea, as well as to Canada and Hawaii.

The rumor was that the Phoenix Country Club course was toughened up for the occasion, but Fearless Fosdick could not

have found the rough, and if he did he would have been able to hit a three-wood out of it. Given a pool table to play on, Miller just kept holing putts in the corner pocket, even though the greens had frostbite.

It was a pity that Nicklaus was not there to see Miller earn another win button. Jack was among a thumbful of players who stayed home. Said Jerry Heard, "Miller is just as good as Nicklaus, perhaps better, and Johnny's improving because he's playing more golf than Jack."

Johnny Miller sets a good example for future Boy Scouts of America. He could give the White Knight two a side and beat him on niceness. He does not smoke, drink or use naughty words, and he eats everything on his plate. During the tournament he did wholesome things like taking 45 church kids to a hockey game, throwing a birthday party for his young daughter and giving a speech to a group of Mormons. His worst fault would seem to be his aversion to practice. "I go out and hit a couple of shots and they're perfect, so I turn around and go back home," he says.

Pro golf is global now, with tournaments played everywhere but on the back roads of Morocco. Nicklaus, Arnold Palmer and Gary Player are global. Miller is, too. He hands out business cards that list his offices in, among other places, Tokyo, London, Sydney, Geneva and Rio de Janeiro. On one side the card is printed in English, on the other it is printed in Japanese. That's global.

In Phoenix, nobody had their suntan or, except for Miller, their putting stroke. Commissioner Deane Beman was present, wearing a gray banker's suit, talking about the exchange rate in Madagascar and reminding his players to smile at the birdies. And the fans queued up for a glimpse of the pro-am celebs. That ambassador of goodwill, Bob Hope, was there to dispense Indian and Marlon Brando jokes. Also present were Evel Knievel, his bombast and his rivercycle. Knievel once boasted he would play the pros golf for \$10,000 a hole.

Said Knievel to pro-am partner Tom Weiskopf when the pair met at a party Tuesday night, "Tom [sincere voice], it's going to be tough on me tomorrow. There's going to be hundreds of screaming, hysterical women and children, all running after me and grabbing for my autograph. Tom, I know you're used to

playing before big crowds, but you've never seen anything like this. I hope it doesn't affect your game."

Weiskopf looked at Knievel, decided against hitting him with a five-iron and blinked. "I guess you get that way when they name toys after you," he said later.

Last year Weiskopf was bothered by a thumb injury suffered, ironically enough, during the week of the Phoenix Open. Most of the year was a tax loss for him, and he gave Beman apoplexy when he took up hockey putting and being absent without leave from tournaments. Last week he was still struggling to rid his game of flares and wound up missing the cut. "I'm in a recession," he kidded, then vowed that he would putt out this year.

Knievel showed up on the practice tee Wednesday for the pro-am and took a berth next to long-hitting Jim Dent, who was drilling iron shots on the confined range, since his woods could shatter office windows in downtown Phoenix. Knievel appeared disconcerted and bumped a few chip shots. "I wonder if he still wants to play for \$10,000," muttered one pro.

On the first tee, Nancy Heard, Jerry's wife, approached Knievel for an autograph.

"What's your name? Nicklaus?" child-Ed Knievel.

"Any smoke signals on the horizon?" said Hope.

"I'm really nervous," cracked Weiskopf.

And off they went, Knievel's head cover stuck ignominiously in his back pocket, like some driving-range bumpkin. A womened man ran along with the group, carrying Evel's diamond-encrusted cane, and a few helmeted policemen were on hand for effect. No one was hysterical. Evel's second shot went into the driving range.

"This guy's a phony," laughed Weiskopf. "He has a 12 handicap but says he's really a 16. He wants people to believe he's better than he is."

But by the end of the day Weiskopf had changed his mind. "Evel's all right," he said. "He's just another 15-handicapper with a slice."

As usual, the chilly weather forced spectators to bundle up as though they were in Minneapolis. Perhaps it was imagination, but it seemed as if you could take off your earmuffs when Miller was playing. It felt warmer when he was on

the course. In reality, the weather turned colder after his opening 67, which tied him for the lead Thursday. It was warmer when he shot the 61 the following day, and Saturday and Sunday were calm and clear, although brisk.

Actually it is a bit unfair to term the course a pushover. The 36-hole cut was a respectable 145, three over par. Only a dozen of last year's 43 tournaments had higher par cuts. It was just that Miller was taking the paint off the flagsticks with his iron game. It is getting monotonous. Last month in Japan he won a big tournament by seven strokes, using two different sets of clubs.

At Phoenix he employed an eclectic style, sinking long putts and itty-bitsy ones, chipping in from the broccoli and zipping out fairway shots. His good putting was aided as much by assiduous preparation as by skill. Before the tournament he studied, tested and charted the grain and break on each of the greens.

Most of all he maintained his rapt concentration. He felt he would do well even if his game lulled. After he shot a 68 on Saturday, he claimed he played poorly. That provoked a primal scream from the other pros. At the time Miller was seven strokes ahead of Mike Hill and at least 10 ahead of the rest of the field.

It was ludicrous. At one point he looked up to see what seemed like thousands of clicking cameras, revolving tape recorders and reporters scribbling in notebooks, and answered a question. Said Johnny Miller softly, "I don't know myself if I'm for real."

END

With a big lead you can clown it up.



RUPP'S OLD FIEF IS FAR FROM BARREN

After trying to get out of *The Baron's* shadow for two seasons, Kentucky Coach Joe B. Hall has his 'Cats running by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

A lacquer of frost is on the bluegrass again, time for the farmer to prepare his tobacco for auction, for the mare to wait out her foal, for the Governor and Senator to unwind from another round of that fine old Commonwealth tradition of musical seats. And time, too, for the voice of Kentucky basketball, Caewood Ledford, to rejoice in full cry over the 50,000 watts of WHAS, Louisville: "MARK it down, fans, the 'Cats are running!"

And so they are. The Kentucky Wildcats, sons of history, sires of glory, inventors of the guard-around and the fast break and the white rebounder, are running once more. Trailed by ghosts and beset by innuendo, Kentucky has squarely faced the challenge of a rejuvenated Southeastern Conference and the backwash of miseries from last winter and now has moved in alongside Tennessee as the No. 1 challenge in the SEC to favored Alabama.

Last week, after a 96-77 win at Georgia and despite a 90-85 upset at Auburn, Kentucky owned a 9-2 record and a 94-point-a-game average and probably will get better. The Wildcats were even threatening to outrun the burly monument in the brown suit whose image stalks them from an office just down the hall.

Even as Adolph Rupp, the progenitor, adjusts to his sedentary role as basketball's Godfather, Hereford cattle baron and lovable shall for the ABA franchise up the interstate in Louisville, his name and semipresence haunt Memorial Coliseum.

"I don't have that depth of feeling, the sense that the boys are mine anymore," says Rupp. "I'll never get used to it, and that's very sad." Still, he should know that senior Guard Jimmy Dan Conner refers to him as "the greatest old man who ever lived," and awe-struck young-er teammates sneak glances through the window in the door of the office marked



Cowman Rupp is no longer close to the helm.

"consultant!" each time they pass.

Against his wishes The Baron was forced into retirement two years ago but, instead of presenting him with a gold watch, Kentucky gave him his office. It is the same one Rupp always had. It puts him right in the middle of things, just across the hall from the candy machines, while his successor, Joe B. Hall, works far down at the other end of the building. Though the old man is not there much anymore and long since has been honored to a fare-thee-well for winning four national championships and four hundred million games, it is obviously not over for him.

Much like frightened Mafia capowary of deserting a fading Don to give fealty to young Michael, the Lexington citizenry persists in the sanctification of Rupp. At a preseason player banquet the main speaker wallowed in Ruppmania. At the Tennessee game Rupp was surprised by the return of many former players to dedicate a 600-pound bronze plaque to him. Later this month he will be honored by a chamber of commerce dinner attended by celebrities including Lawrence Welk. Old Barons never die, they just suffer testimonials from bandleaders.

All of this does not make it any easier for Hall, a plain, congenial former ketchup salesman who must feel like George Selkirk when he followed Babe Ruth into right field at Yankee Stadium. Luckily, Kentucky's performance now is serving Hall well after two seasons marred by inconsistent play, as well as some indelicate barbs emanating from the deposed monarch.

Disappointed Hall, a former ketchup salesman, has sold his team on more aggressive defenses.



In his first year Hall guided the 'Cats to a 20-8 record and the finals of the Mid-east Region, but Rupp, who still had his own postgame radio show, labeled it a "disappointing" campaign. Last season, when the Wildcats lacked a center and struggled to a bizarre 13-13 record that included losing to Alabama on Kentucky's court by 23 points, failing to score for the last five minutes of a game at Tennessee and falling behind 14-0 at Auburn, Rupp was mute, allowing disaster to take its course and others to scream for Hall's head.

With Kentucky streaking again, The Baron's name is back in the rumor mills. It is said that he has told friends that Hall has yet to inspire confidence in his players. It also is said that Rupp, still bitter at the university for putting him out to pasture, has even volunteered to aid recruiters from other schools by speaking against Kentucky to youngsters.

Strolling through the fields of his 500-acre farm outside Lexington last week, Rupp seemed incapable of making such distasteful utterances. "Look at these damn things," he said, pointing to his

cattle. "Their depth, their withers, their backs. You could play dominoes on that back. Now that's a cow." Rupp says he likes Hall. He says he could never exert pressure on him. He says their relations are "500% fine." Rupp also says, "Kentucky has, by God, the best talent since the Fabulous Five of 1948." So much for kisses of death.

Hall takes such talk calmly. He is, in the words of freshman Center Rick Robey, "a good country man." Unlike Rupp, who grew up in Kansas, Joe B. is a Kentucky original, a child of the soil who was born in nearby Cynthiana, went to school at the university, traveled the area for Heinz' 57 Varieties, married a striking farmer's daughter, jumped into coaching and in 1965 became Rupp's assistant just in time to introduce a conditioning program that had become standard elsewhere but had escaped The Baron's notice.

Quiet, simple, pudgy and bespectacled, Hall has an undeserved reputation for being dull and colorless. In fact, his dry wit is ever ready. Being evasive about the origin of his initial B, which he prefers in

any use of his name, he says it stands for "Basketball." As a player, Hall says, he was "the eighth" of the Fabulous Five. And he says the one thing that keeps him in the sport are the "free showers." He also admits to overcoaching in the past and to relying too much on pregame scouting. "No preconceptions this time," he says. "We're dealing strictly in bodies."

Hall never has complained of the tortuous moments, the second-guessing and querulousness of some fans, that must have accompanied his succession. He attributes Rupp's performance since retirement to "ego, not vindictiveness. I know Adolph so well it doesn't bother me. I wish he could accept the success we have as a continuing credit to the man who built the program."

Fortunately, debris from the affair has hardly affected the team's performance. The current seniors were the last group recruited by Hall while Rupp was still head man, and Conner says he was in the middle of it then. "I heard Hall men bad-mouth Rupp and Rupp men bad-mouth Hall," he says. "I *remember*

Top scorer Kevin Grevey averages 28 points, while Guard Jimmy Ben Conner directs the attack and nails foes in the neck on defense.



came to Kentucky not believing any of it. The problems we've had were because of us, not them."

Two seasons ago Conner, Guard Mike Flynn, Forward Bob Guyette and star shooter Kevin Grevey came to the varsity after having been chosen the best freshman team in the land. Bluegrass folks were expecting three NCAA championships. On closer inspection, the Wildcats turned out too slow.

In Hall's fourth game as head coach, the Wildcats were losing to North Carolina in Louisville by 19 points midway through the second half when this mild man nipped off his coat and roared far enough out onto the floor that Conner had to hold him back from the referees. Sufficiently shaken, Kentucky rallied to a respectable eight-point defeat. This explosion, says Hall, was "the turning point in my life. I had to set fire to the building or something. I made up my

mind to get out of coaching if the score continued that way." He has not taken off his coat or screamed much since.

It was a similar circumstance that woke up Kentucky again earlier this season. The Wildcats had just been embarrassed at Indiana and were behind North Carolina 22-8 with three of the seniors sitting on the bench when Conner informed Hall that his classmates were ready to play. Upon re-entering the contest, Conner proceeded to "go unconscious" and score 35 points. The rookie pivotmen, Robey and Mike Phillips, suddenly grew up and beat up the Tar Heels' big men, and the 'Cats pulled away to a 90-78 victory.

Subsequently Kentucky has scored 100 points a game and shot over 51% in routing six of seven opponents. The Wildcats have beaten Notre Dame by 17 points, Kansas by 37 and LSU by 35, in the process sending Bengal Coach Dale Brown

into his usual hyperbolic frenzy. "I did nothing to provoke a killing," he moaned. "They made asses of us." The Wildcats have shown better shooting than ever and a markedly improved, aggressive defense, especially by Grevey, also known as the "Irish rover." And they have revealed elements seldom seen in the Kentucky scheme: muscle and black men.

Observers continue to marvel at the Wildcats' assault-troop maneuvers, which are so incongruous in light of the tactics employed by Kentucky's finesse outfits of old. Conner, the team catalyst, is right in the middle of it. A sinewy 6'4" guard who chews tobacco and says things like, "Don't be surprised if I know how to act around people," Conner played out of position at forward for two years. Now he is at home in the backcourt and roughing up people at will. And so is Guyette, who is vastly improved now that he has switched to his natural forward spot after two misfit years at center.

Washington State Coach George Raveling was so upset at Conner's treatment of the Cougars' 245-pound Center Steve Puidokas on a rebound that he shouted something about a "cheap-shot football play" at Conner. No wonder, since Conner describes another of his defensive routines as "rolling my man down and nailing him in the neck." Even that did not amuse Raveling. He said Kentucky's physical play was a return to "the days of Rome," and that Wildcat opponents should come equipped with "face guards."

"We decided we had the material to be physical," says the 6'5" Grevey. "Let them complain. I smile. It's good to have respect."

The left-handed Grevey was SEC Player of the Year as a sophomore but slumped last season after he suffered cuts requiring five stitches in each elbow in a fall over a chain fence. With Kentucky's added depth, Grevey now plays only 32 minutes a game and still collects 25 points and virtually all the clutch baskets. "I get itchy when we need a big one," he says.

Of the Wildcats' first nine men, only two are shooting below 50%. The most important among them are the infant twins alternating in the post, 6'10", 240-pound Robey and 6'10", 245-pound Phillips. With their size, defense, rebounding and enthusiasm, they have *continued*

Rock Robey, the more mobile of UK's pair of 6'10" fresh centers, nabs a rebound at Auburn.



Shown below: 1930 Cadillac Series 353 Fleet Roadster



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FTC Report MAR. '74.

turned Wildcat fortunes around. Their statistics are nearly identical—together they average 18.5 points and 11 rebounds—but Phillips is the traditional stationary monster, while Robey impersonates a berserk forward who dives for loose balls like a wino after the Thunderbird.

Among their teammates, Guyette was a Rhodes scholar candidate, Flynn is a new father and five others are black.

Since the school's first Great Black Hope dropped out of school and was later tossed in the slammer on a rape charge, Kentucky has had better luck with black recruits. Hall opened up the Wildcat program during the latter Rupp years, but Kentucky still has trouble living down a racist image and attracting recruits from out of state.

All five blacks on this year's team are Kentuckians, three are left-handed and none are tokens. Larry Johnson, a 6'2" sophomore, is the player the Wildcats use to speed up their offense. He is equally adept at ballhandling and defense, won the player-of-the-game award for his 16 points against Notre Dame and probably would start if he were not so valuable coming off the bench.

Merion Huskins, a sophomore who is the brother of Clem, the former Western Kentucky star now in the NBA, is candid about Kentucky. "UK's reputation was always terrible," he says. "When I was in high school I hated Kentucky and rooted for them to lose every game. When they started recruiting me, I thought it was jive nonsense."

This fall Hall strengthened his hand considerably with the addition of a black assistant, Leonard Hamilton, and two black freshmen from Lexington, Jack Givens and James Lee.

So ties to the Rupp years appear severed at last. Hall says, "Last season's 13-13 record was a catharsis. This year I felt we were starting all over again and it was a different era."

The other day Rupp strolled in practice for the first time this season and noticed five new blue-and-white banners hanging from a wall of the Coliseum. One listed all the SEC titles Kentucky has won, the other four signified the NCAA championships. Joe B. Hall had a hand in putting them up there, and Rupp said, "By God, they're finally getting some class around here." For once the grand old man was wrong. There has always been class at Kentucky.

END

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GETTING SWAMPED BY 'GATORS

Now protected as an endangered species, the big reptiles are multiplying so fast in Louisiana and Florida that people and pets may soon be screaming for a little protection of their own **by EDWIN SHRAKE**

It could be the twang of an ancient dinosaur signal going off in the stomach or it could be no more than a paranoid hangover from *Tarzan* movies, but the sight of an alligator oozing down a mud-bank into dark water invariably makes one think: that big lizard is looking for lunch, and I'm the fattest thing he sees. In southern Louisiana, and in parts of Florida, alligators are scaring the dickens out of golfers and anglers, dining on poodles and other small furry animals

and generally slithering around in such great numbers that property owners, trappers, even state fish and game people, feel the time has come to modify the "gators" protected status under the Endangered Species Act in some areas and thin out the herd, as it were.

The heavy, snoring bellow of a bull alligator in the spring was once the characteristic sound of the Louisiana marshes. When an alligator talked, only another alligator would dare answer. Frogs

and foxes and crickets became very quiet, and even humans hushed up and reached for weapons. Shortly after the Civil War a traveler into southern Louisiana wrote that alligators were so thick along the bayou banks that he could have walked on them all day, if he lacked sanity. He said the red reflections of their eyes surrounded the campfire at night, their bellowing robbed him of sleep and he despaired of ever being able to raise cattle in the wetlands.



But in time levees were built and marshes drained to make room for livestock. Alligators began to be hunted so rapaciously for their hides—and sometimes for their meat, which is firm, white and lean and tastes something like chicken or pork when fried or barbecued—that the giant reptiles started to disappear. By the late 1950s scarcely enough alligators had survived in Louisiana to make shoes and suitcases for politicians. Under the urging of its Wild Life and Fisheries Commission, Louisiana passed the first state law protecting alligators and was the first state to propose that killing them be in violation of federal law. But by 1972, the alligator popula-

tion had so increased that despite opposition from the National Audubon Society and other conservation groups, Louisiana held alligator hunting seasons of a few weeks in both that year and in 1973. The seasons were regulated by licenses and limits.

With the passage of the new federal Endangered Species Act, Louisiana is now forbidden to hold another alligator season. The irony is that Louisiana is again swarming with alligators, and there's not much to do about it except trap them and shuffle them off to game preserves where the 'gators feast on minks, nutria, birds and almost anything else they can gobble up. Or else offer to give the 'gators away to folks who don't have any. In 1973 the Louisiana Wild Life and Fisheries Commission offered to donate 2,000 alligators to the National Audubon Society—an offer that a society spokesman regarded as a possible effort to needle the conservationists. The Audubon Society, however, went along with the gag and in 1973-74 helped to transfer some 5,000 Louisiana alligators to other states.

"Those people up there in Connecticut and Massachusetts and Vermont tell us we ought to leave alligators alone, but they don't understand our problem," says Louisiana Wild Life and Fisheries Assistant Director Dick Yancey. "Years ago we informed the marsh owners and fur trappers we'd reopen the seasons on alligators as soon as we could get the 'gator population built back up. Well, now southwestern Louisiana is saturated with alligators, and the rest of the state has got more than it needs. There's a lot of drainage going on in the marshes. Landowners put in levees and pump out the water, and it's disastrous for wildlife. If they could harvest some of their alligators and sell them for money, it would be an incentive to maintain the wetlands instead of pumping them out for cattle. Alligators feed real heavily on nutria and muskrats, which are a prime asset of trappers and landowners. So now alligators are viewed as a liability. Traditionally when a landowner sees a liability, he takes it off, law or no law."

The Endangered Species Act of December 1973 gave the Department of Interior at least temporary authority over endangered wildlife, both migratory and resident. Until then, the states had jurisdiction over their own resident wildlife, which is how Louisiana could get away

with alligator seasons. Now Louisiana has asked Interior to change the endangered status of the alligator in parts of the state. Interior is mulling it over. Dr. Howard Campbell of the National Fish and Wildlife Laboratory in Gainesville, Fla. is writing a status report, due shortly. Once the report is in, action wouldn't be taken for at least 60 days—in other words, March at best. "Our landowners have a wait-and-see attitude, but I don't know how long they'll wait," says Yancey. "If the alligator remains a sacred cow, it's got no future."

Flying over the marshes of southwestern Louisiana in a light plane, one can look down and see thousands of alligators (the estimated 'gator population for that area is close to 300,000). They are ghostly white in the afternoon sun. "They're covered all over with mud from digging," says Al Ensminger, chief of the Refuge Division of Louisiana Wild Life and Fisheries. "They crawl up in the sun, and the mud dries and turns 'em white. They're denning now, going into hibernation until March. We sure do need to crop out a few of 'em. A 10-foot alligator has got a brain about as big as your thumb. No memory bank. It's all instinct. Alligators are pretty shy compared to crocodiles, but our whole coast is becoming scattered with fishing camps and it's only a matter of time until a big 'gator grabs hold of a kid."

Although it had never before been completely documented that an alligator and a human had met in an encounter fatal to other than the alligator, one killed a 16-year-old girl in Florida in August 1973. While swimming in a lake the girl was seized by a 500-pound alligator that biologists believe had lost its natural fear of man from having been given handouts. "The big problem in Florida is that the prime alligator habitat is in the central lakes region," says Ensminger. "But rich people are building resort and retirement homes on those limestone lakes and are throwing the 'gators off. The 'gator is a product of the land. He loves the water but he needs a bank to sun on. So he's dispossessed. An old lady from Kansas might think he's cute for a while and toss him some chicken necks, but when he loses his fear and eats her cocker spaniel, the 'gator is no longer welcome. They used to just move the 'gators to another lake, but now the other lakes are also resorts. So the 'gators are

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moved to the Everglades. But the Glades are going dry. It's a burning dilemma. The game department tries to placate the resort and retirement people by getting rid of the alligators. But at the same time the resort and retirement people are against hunting and killing."

There has long been a tale that alligators thrive in the sewers of New York City. This is a myth. For one, it is too cold down there in the winter. For another, the flow is so strong the 'gators would be swept into the rivers or into a sewage treatment plant. Moreover, the animals that supposedly have found their way into the sewers by being flushed down toilets are caymans from South America, brought to the U.S. sold as "baby alligators" and usually purchased by tourists as souvenirs of Florida or mailed to friends as a one-sided joke. A cayman has a nasty temper and can grow to be about six feet long. But there are for a fact alligators in the sewers and drainage canals of New Orleans and Baton Rouge, and in ponds and lagoons of places like New Orleans' City Park, where five golf courses wind through the waterways.

The person most intimately involved with City Park alligators is Dutch Fencasi, who has made a living for 51 years diving in its waters for lost golf balls. Fencasi's technique is to go out early in the morning with an associate as a "catcher" and plunge into the dirty water of the lagoon to grope with his hands and toes for golf balls. On an ordinary day Fencasi finds about 400 balls, of which about one-third are discarded as useless. The rest are sold back to the City Park golf shop for from 10¢ to 25¢ each. Dutch has raised eight children on his earnings from lost golf balls, and he has two color TV sets in his apartment behind the Golden Filly Beauty Salon a few blocks from City Park. As one might imagine, Dutch has encountered a great number of alligators, not to mention water moccasins, face to face. He has seen the alligator population of City Park wax and wane and wax again, and he has watched golfers flee from mere seven-footers ambulating across the fairways, but Dutch has never been bitten and has never even felt seriously menaced.

"A 'gator won't disturb a human being unless it's a mama 'gator or one that's been hurt," Dutch says. "Of course, you better stay away from 'em in mating season, and you shouldn't step on one.

There's 40 or 50 'gators in the City Park lagoon, and two of 'em are more than 12 feet long. But I'd say if a 'gator was going to attack a human, somewhere along the line I'd have got attacked. I've been hit by spawning trout, but the 'gators and snakes have left me alone."

Dutch Fencasi may not be confronted by alligators much longer. There is a plan to remove them from City Park this spring and cart them off to a preserve. One of the men involved in that project is Louis Pellerin of the Baton Rouge office of the Louisiana Wild Life and Fisheries Commission. Pellerin is described by Dick Yancey as a champion alligator catcher who handles hundreds of complaints a year from people who discover alligators on their lawns and tennis courts and in their swimming pools. Recently Pellerin picked up an eight-footer that was blocking traffic near the governor's mansion in Baton Rouge and removed another eight alligators from the grounds of a public school.

"Alligators come in after a big storm and high water," Pellerin says. "That's when they get all over the place. People try to make pets out of 'em when the 'gators are little. One boy slept with a 'gator until it got to be about four feet long and then decided he didn't trust the 'gator any more. I've been called out when children were bitten trying to pick 'gators up. I've had to pry the 'gators' jaws open with a tire tool. A man from LSU waded in a pond there, and a 'gator bit him on the leg. A man working for us was spraying hyacinths in a pond and got pulled out of the boat by a female 'gator whose nest he had disturbed. His partner knocked the 'gator on the head with a hammer. In one subdivision they dug canals in a low area, and now they've got 300 to 500 'gators in among their houses."

Many people might wonder why alligators should be protected. Why not wipe out the ugly bigmouths once and for all? The fact is, alligators do a tremendous amount of good for other wildlife. As deer make trails through the woods, alligators make trails across the swamps, connecting streams and ponds so that other creatures can migrate or escape from droughts. Alligators dig dens under the water that become refuges for fish, snakes and turtles in dry periods and that furnish drinking water for birds and other animals. Alligators eat possums and coons that are rambling along to eat birds. An alligator often kills more than

it can eat, which for a grown 400-pounder is at least 40 pounds of grub a week, leaving the scraps for wee creatures. The alligator is the plow of the wetlands, rooting up mud and nutrients that feed young plants.

But an alligator's life is not all marsh-mallows (a favorite snack) and raw duckling, even leaving out the danger people represent. Fish, snakes, turtles, frogs and birds eat baby alligators and alligator eggs if they can be found, and bears, coons, otters, skunks and foxes will also nibble upon somewhat larger 'gators. To be frank, an alligator will eat another alligator if food is scarce or the pond too crowded. After a gestation period of about two months, a female alligator may lay about 50 eggs, and the coons herself a lucky mama if half a dozen reach maturity. With a minimum of other than natural swamp-world harassment, that egg-to-brute ratio would produce enough alligators to pave America.

Alligator farms are doing very well. Like cattle, pigs, catfish and pine trees, alligators are being raised as a commercial resource. A five-foot alligator worth about \$75 on the market can be grown for about \$10 in a couple of years. The \$75 figure is really pretty low. Figure the meat is worth \$15 per pound, the carcass 35¢ a pound for crab bait, the skull \$5 as an ornament and the hide \$14 to \$15 per foot. To grow sizable alligators, you have to keep them in ponds where they can't wander off and you have to feed them year-round, but it is legal to sell them at any time to buyers who show up from Italy, France, Japan, England, Germany or wherever. One farm outside Baton Rouge has 6,000 alligators.

At those prices there will always be poaching. Nightlighters cruise the swamps extinguishing the red eyes, but it's a year in jail and up to a \$10,000 fine if they're caught. Still, last fall alligator hides were seized in a refrigerator truck belonging to a public official in New Orleans, and hides from Louisiana were grabbed in a raid in Newark, N.J. "We're making cates on poachers right and left," says Pellerin. "They use Citizens Band radios and talk in code, but we've got Citizens Band radios and we break their codes. When we catch poachers, you better believe we make cates."

A cuse may be made as well for the selective harvesting of alligators before they start doing laps in swimming pools or hitching rides in golf carts. **END**

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Out of the Sun, Into the Shadows

On the tennis court Big Bill Tilden was a winner, the best player of his time and perhaps of all time, but in the end he was in disgrace—a lonely loser

by Frank Deford

In both sates, forebears of William Tatem Tilden II were British. His mother was Selina Hey, called Linie, one of four daughters of David and Selina Hey, who came to Philadelphia from Yorkshire in the middle of the 19th century. David Hey established a wool-importing business that soon prospered.

The Tildens, as all Tildens, hailed from Kent. It is an ancient and distinguished line: Tyldens married into William the Conqueror's family not long after the Battle of Hastings; one helped finance the *Mayflower*; the first arrived in the colonies, with seven servants, in 1634.

Generally speaking, there were three Tilden lines in America. One branch went to Canada, and the name is well advertised there today by Tilden Rent-A-Car, Canada's largest firm of that kind. Another branch, centering on New York, produced Samuel Tilden, who won the popular vote over Rutherford B. Hayes in the 1876 presidential election but was cheated out of the office by carpetbag politics in the only certified presidential vote fraud in U.S. history. Bill Tilden came from the southern branch, which resided, for the most part, in Delaware and Maryland.

William Tatem Tilden Sr. was born in 1855 at St. George's, Del. but after his father's death moved to Philadelphia with his mother, Williamina. He enrolled at Central High and began working as an office boy, eventually

landing a job with David Hey's woolen firm. Tilden Senior was an impressive young man, nice looking, ambitious and capable, indeed, it was not so much a case of his marrying the boss' daughter as of the boss making sure that one of his daughters latched onto this fine specimen. Linie Hey opened the door when young Tilden accepted her father's invitation to call, and she did not let any of her sisters claim the prize. The Tildens were married on a clear autumn Thursday, Nov. 6, 1879, and David Hey soon proudly accepted his son-in-law as a partner.

By next spring, Linie was pregnant with her first child, Elizabeth Hey. Hardly a year after that, the prospering Tilden was given his son and heir, Harry Bower, and in June 1883 a third healthy child, Williamina Tatem, named for Linie's grandmother, was born. The Tildens by then had moved into a comfortable three-story red brick end house at 5308 Germantown Avenue, a fine address on a cobblestoned thoroughfare with a trolley-car line that carried Tilden downtown to his office. Other Philadelphians had begun to notice this clever young man. Despite his lack of college education and the onus of having the most preeminent Democratic name of the era, he began to be accepted into the best clubs and to gain some voice in Republican Party affairs. The Tildens seemed to have a full and happy life in store.

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William, the baby, died first, on Saturday, Nov. 29, 1884. She was buried on Monday, in the first raw winter cold, the hearse clattering out Germantown Avenue to Ivy Hill Cemetery on the edge of the city, where a family plot had been hastily purchased. The cause of death was listed as "membranous croup," almost certainly because the Tildens did not want to admit what they surely realized, that the diphtheria epidemic had reached 5308 Germantown. In 1884, diphtheria could spread like wildfire among children, being communicated by direct contact. The fever came first, with headaches, then a sore throat that swelled as the toxins coursed through the pained little body.

Elizabeth, the oldest, fell next. Just past her fourth birthday, she died on Dec. 9 and was buried the next day, another sad procession moving to Ivy Hill. Tilden still had his son left, but Harry had become leversh, and he lived, in agony, only three more days. He was buried on Dec. 15, just short of his third birthday. This time the death notice pathetically concluded that Harry was "the only child of William T. and Linae H. Tilden."

Bill Tilden was not to be born for another nine years. But for these sad events of 1884, he almost surely would not have been born at all. And because of them, he was greatly affected. It is not an exaggeration to say that much of the way Bill Tilden was to be was determined years before his birth.

In the days immediately following the three tragedies, the Tildens carried on. But never again was there any lightness in their house. Within the year Linae Tilden was pregnant once more, with her fourth child, Herbert Marmaduke. At least Tilden Senior had replaced the son he had lost, and he adored Herbert and grew close to him. When, a full six years later, Linae realized she was having another child, she almost certainly longed for a girl to replace the two that had been taken from her. But it was a boy, born on a cold Saturday morning, Feb. 10, 1893, and she named him after her husband and called him Junior or June.

The child grew up spoiled, in comfort that approached opulence. By today's buying power, Tilden Senior had an income in excess of \$100,000, and not long after Junior was born the family moved to 5015 McKean Avenue, into a stately new red-gabled mansion named Overleigh, a dwelling so large that it now contains eight apartments. There were several servants, a governess for Junior, and just a block away was the Germantown Cricket Club, which featured a special clubhouse for children. From birth, though, Junior Tilden was catered to and protected even more than the other society boys and girls of Germantown.

Tilden Senior left the rearing of the baby strictly to his wife. A striking man with a large mustache, well dressed and with a fresh carnation in his lapel every day, he was a perfect gentleman, a successful businessman, a hearty clubman, a pillar of Philadelphia. Three times he was president of the Union League, the most prestigious Republican sanctuary, and he entertained Presidents Teddy Roosevelt and Taft at Overleigh.

By contrast, Linae Tilden seldom ventured far from Overleigh. Although she adored music and was an accomplished pianist, she was hardly the waxy, ethereal type, but "lives forwardly," says her granddaughter, Minam Am-

hrose, with a smile. Linae well reflected her stern, humorless Yorkshire heritage. Overleigh seems to have been a house of little love and gaiety, but much respect and a fair amount of understanding. Always, like a grim drop cloth, the memories of 1884 overlaid everything.

One lasting, if understandable, result of the tragedy was that Linae became obsessively health-conscious. Her husband had been sufficiently involved in the upbringing of Herbert to insulate the older boy from her excessive concerns, but Junior had no such counterbalance. While there is no evidence that he suffered from anything more than the usual mild childhood diseases, his mother decided that he must be sickly and treated him so. Soon, everybody who knew him assumed that Junior Tilden was weak and different.

For one thing, he was kept out of school and tutored at home, at Linae's skirts. His earliest memory was of himself sitting reverently at her feet while she played the piano, and although he rarely spoke of his childhood when he grew older, Tilden would always volunteer how much he adored his mother, how "I worshipped her."

He never stopped honoring her. Among the vast catalog of communicable ills that Linae Tilden was worried her baby boy might someday contract were venereal diseases. From an early age, the only sex training Tilden ever received was that women could give him a disease. Even his later homosexual experiences were casual, and he was ashamed that anyone would think him capable of more fulfilling involvement. With almost no exceptions, his sexual relations, whether with males or females, were rudimentary, and, in extension, that constraint made it difficult for him to be close to people, especially his peers. Bill Tilden diverted his sex drive to the arena, to a clean, bright place.

While Herbert's role was far subordinate to the one his mother played in Tilden's childhood, the brother was a major influence. He became a father substitute. It was Herbert who inspired Junior's interest in tennis and helped him to develop his game. From an early age, Tilden regretted the fact that he had no one to be an older brother or a father to. In the fiction he wrote, older brother-younger brother, father-son or older friend-younger friend relationships dominate. They form the core of the close human dealings he wrote of, whereas wives and husbands and good friends of the same age have stunted, contrived relationships. Tilden succeeded in one quest in that he became famous and was the child who brought honor to his beloved mother, who had suffered so much agony. But he could never find the son who could both love him and succeed him as a champion, as he loved Herbert and eventually surpassed him as a player.

From the beginning, June played the older-brother role. His friends were all younger, and he made them his coterie. After ice skating, he would assemble the younger children in someone's house, where they would sit by a fire and drink hot chocolate, then June would draw the curtains and recite poetry and tell ghost stories. Dracula, which he later played on Broadway, was his best role. "Oh, he'd scare hell out of us," says Frank Deacon, a younger neighbor.

"June also established his own nobility. He was the king, of course. Jo Dodge was the queen. I believe I was a marquis and Roy Coffin was a duke. It went all the way down to Judith Jennings, who was the court cat."

But, increasingly, tennis and music were Tilden's two major avenues of expression. Alice Tammall Franklin, four years younger, was musically inclined, so June would invite her to his room where they could enjoy his growing gramophone-record collection, or he would go to her house and listen to her play the piano. For any of his younger friends who showed the slightest interest, he would provide tennis instruction. "He was the kindest person, always," says Josephine Walton, who also grew up in Germantown. "None of us ever had any idea that he would become this great athlete—he was so sickly—but he must have taught all of the younger children in the neighborhood to play tennis."

Yet no one felt close to June, and the feeling persisted that he was strange. And his social reputation was not enhanced by his curious neglect of hygiene, a characteristic he retained all his life. Even as a teen-ager, he often had the foulest breath, and his perennial outfit, a woven blue trackswear with stripes at the waist, stank of perspiration. How his mother was able to ignore or accept this is impossible to fathom.

In 1908, when Junior was 15, Linnie contracted Bright's disease and was confined to a wheelchair. Tilden Senior, who had invested heavily in the Pennsylvania coal fields and was being mentioned as a candidate for mayor of Philadelphia, had begun to devote even more time to his outside interests. Herbert was finishing up at Penn and about ready to bring home a bride, so Junior was finally sent to Germantown Academy, farmed out of the house. He was brounched a few blocks away at 519 Hansberry Avenue, where he was given the third-floor room of a small row house in which his mother's maiden sister, Aunt Betsy Hey, lived with her niece, his cousin Selena. She had taken the name Hey because she had been raised by Aunt Betsy, but actually Selena was the daughter of another sister's failed marriage to a ne'er-do-well Civil War hero.

Although 15 years or so older than Junior, Selena shared the same Feb. 10 birthdate, and so he called her "Twin," which she adored—and not only because it was considerable improvement over "Sissy," which the neighborhood kids called her. Twin was unattractive, like the aunt she lived with, and to suddenly have this lively young man, who took three stales at a bound, dropping into her life, was a salvation. Twin and Aunt Betsy soon were spoiling Junior—even more than his mother had.

In Aunt Betsy's house he was known as Brilly, and he was to keep his bedroom there for the next quarter of a century. All the time he moved with kings and movie stars and ruled the world of tennis, he would come back to 519 Hansberry, place his latest trophy beside the rubber plant with the porcelain birds balanced on the branches, and entertain Twin and Aunt Betsy with tales of the world while they served him a succession of steak dinners, with ice cream.

Back in 1908, however, when Tilden first lived with the Hays, he still spent much time at Overleigh, walking over every evening to be with his mother. He graduated from Germantown in 1910, thin but not gawky, and still



growing. He was the class poet and tennis captain, and although he had no interest whatsoever in commerce, he dutifully followed his father's bidding and entered the Wharton School of Business in Penn.

Tilden hated his studies and never made his mark at college. In the spring of his freshman year his life began to fall apart when his mother suffered a stroke and lay near death. At the end, May 2, 1911, he sat outside her door through the night, crying uncontrollably, by his own account "utterly in shock." Her dying plainly shattered him and he grew so jittery that Saint Vitus' dance was suspected; finally, his father had him withdraw from school for a year to rest his nerves.

When Herbert's first son, his second child, was born in 1913, he named the boy William Tilden Tilden III. It was an unusual thing for a brother to do—in effect, appropriating his brother's name. William T. Tilden III agrees that his father must have known by then that Junior would never have any children himself. The poor boy was floundering badly. He had lost the anchor of his sacred mother, he was trapped in a college discipline he could not stand; he understood, surely, that he was a homosexual. He was nearly friendless—he literally repelled some people—and he was ravaged by nervousness. He was sad, confused, lost.

The situation worsened, then collapsed in the summer of 1915, when his father fell ill with kidney trouble. He was brought back to Overleigh from the Union League, where he had taken residence after Linnie died. On the morning of July 29, with his two sons at his bed, William T. Tilden Sr. died, age 60, and was buried next to his wife and his mother and his three babies in the plot he had bought at Ivy Hill.

Herbert, his father's friend and associate, was as staggered by his death as Junior had been by their mother's. Late that summer, Herbert got away to the seashore, Cape May, N.J., but he caught a cold swimming, and it turned

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Big Bill continued

into pneumonia. His resistance was low. Five days later, Sept. 22, 1915, Herbert died at Overleigh at the age of 29 at seven in the morning.

Two days later, Junior watched as his brother was lowered into his grave at the foot of his father's, where the soil was still turned. "The second bereavement, stinking with such suddenness, has aroused profound sympathy for the family," the *Advertiser* wrote. Junior Tilden, 22 years old, was the family.

Tilden fell deeper into mourning. He left Penn a semester short of graduation and seems, for some time, to have done nothing more than sit in his room at Aunt Betsy's and listen to his records. Apparently Selena Hey dared advise her cousin but twice in her life, and this was the first occasion. She told him that he could not go on drifting, that he must look beyond 519 Hansberry Avenue or he would be caught in the same trap as she, living out all his days as a companion to an old woman. Maybe he would have overcome the inertia himself in due time. Maybe he needed Twin to prod him. Whatever, he took her advice, and early in 1916 he set out on his mission. Junior gave his life over to tennis. He was then ranked 70th in the country, and that summer he was defeated in straight sets in the first round at Forest Hills. Only four years later, Big Bill Tilden was champion of the world.

It was another two decades before Twin ventured to again give her cousin advice. This time, late in the 1930s, he came to visit her in Yorkshire when he was touring as a pro. Painfully, as politely as she could, Twin warned him that his homosexuality was becoming more apparent, that he must be more guarded. Furious, Tilden shot to his feet, glared at Twin, and stormed out of the house, never to say another word to her as long as she lived.

But, on his own terms, he was at last beginning to look in a few corners for some understanding of his homosexuality. "Women are a lot of bitches," he told Glona Butler, a young friend he had known for years. "When someone is a genius, when they have a great task in life, they cannot afford to be depleted by a woman. Women wear down a man. They have no right to make a man of genius share their petty demands."

Another time, riding on a train with a young pro, Tilden suddenly felt compelled to bring up the subject, and, almost sturdily, delivered this message. "Those of us who have my way of thinking, well, we look upon ourselves as the chosen few. I think it's my responsibility to convert young boys. We are the exceptional ones that God has smiled upon."

That was a rare, inexplicable revelation. Most often, though, he studiously avoided the subject in tennis company. How incredibly difficult it must have been for him: a lifetime in the midst of the most completely secure heterosexual community. There are relatively few homosexuals in big-time male sports. And, more than most, athletes are antipathetic to homosexuality, seeming to both despise it and fear it with a vengeance that must have placed Tilden on trial with himself almost every day of his life. Even when he came to some grips with his own status, he seems to

have looked upon other homosexuals and more common homosexual practices as "perverted." Once, when a flagrant adult homosexual managed to get into the locker room and introduce himself, coyly, to Tilden, Big Bill felt either so threatened or so ashamed that he flew into a rage, and nearly threw the interloper out bodily.

And yet, the farther he fell from the spotlight, the more effeminate became his actions, the more bold his liaisons. By the time he moved to Los Angeles in 1939 the word had preceded him, and the greatest name in the history of tennis could not find a teaching job at a club. He gravitated, then, to the Hollywood community, where he had old ties. Clifton Webb rented Constance Bennett's estate one summer and brought Big Bill over to his court to coach the likes of Garbo, Katharine Hepburn and his old pal Tallulah.

Joseph and Lenore Cotten permitted Tilden to use their court to teach, and so did Charlie Chaplin, whom Tilden had first met in 1923. Soon, Big Bill was co-star of *The Big Tea* (where tea really was the beverage served), which Chaplin held every Sunday at the court on his Summit Drive estate. Chaplin and Tilden would often entertain the guests: after matches, swapping stories and opinions. It was a bizarre scene. Tilden protégés, such as Arthur Anderson, Noel Brown and Gusie Moran, would be in attendance, along with tennis pros and a number of movie stars: Garbo, Tallulah, Errol Flynn, Joseph Cotten, Spencer Tracy, Montgomery Clift, Olivia de Havilland. As well, there would be various Chaplin children, his wife and his young paramour, Joan Barry.

Despite the fact that Tilden was locked out of club coaching and no longer a drawing card, these days brought bursts of happiness. With his favorite protégé of all, Arthur Anderson, and the youth's mother, Marion Anderson, Tilden had found his first family situation since 1908; he was back in the company of actors, whom he idolized, and he was once again attempting to write plays, and to appear in them. For the war effort he put a little tennis troupe together—featuring Big Bill in comic drag in one sequence—which played hospitals and bases.

In Los Angeles he fell into an amiable routine. Breakfast early (and always out) around Hollywood and Vine, usually with young Anderson. For the rest of the day, playing or coaching at the movie stars' estates, tooling around in a '42 Packard Clipper that looked and smelled like a traveling gymnasium. Many nights he would go over to the Little Bridge Club on Sunset or another women's club on La Brea, where he could play bridge with old ladies who didn't know Big Bill Tilden from Hirohito.

His spare time was spent with his new family, the Andersons. Both are still living in the Los Angeles area: Arthur Anderson, an engineer with an explosives firm, is a tall, gaunt man, utterly humorless and uncompromising on the subject of Tilden. His mother, once similarly unyielding in his behalf, now sees Big Bill in broader perspective, freckles and all.

Arthur Anderson first met Big Bill around 1940, when he was teaching at a fading luxury hotel named the Chateau Elysees, up in the Hollywood Hills. Anderson lived close by and would come over to watch, and Tilden, always on

the lookout for young boys, noticed him, and, impressed by his intense demeanor, volunteered to give him free lessons. The friendship grew. Marrion Anderson was an outspoken woman, a bookkeeper who knew nothing of tennis, but she saw that Tilden was a kind man, and good for her boy. Her husband had been an alcoholic who abandoned the family, so Tilden, with his violent obsession against liquor, was an ideal companion.

For a time he even moved in with the Andersons, strewing his dirty clothes all over his quarters and dollar bills about the house when Mrs. Anderson would not accept formal rental payment. But there was never a trace of romance, or even any consideration of a marriage of convenience; and, as always with his protégés, Tilden made no advances to Arthur. "You know, Marrion," he said many times, "Arthur's the only real son I ever had." And to Arthur: "You and your mother are the only close family I ever had."

It was a baffling inconsistency that Tilden never paid any real attention to his namesake, the only son of his beloved brother Herbert. At best, Tilden was perfunctory in the relationship. Although he had seemed close and friendly to Herbert's widow, Hazel MacIntosh (he gave her away when she remarried), he came, for some reason, to tie his remaining family, and even the whole East Coast, like a tin can to the tail of the USLTA, with which he had earned on a prolonged feud. He pawned a few trophies, but willed the rest, as well as his manuscripts and other possessions, to Arthur Anderson, and he gave both Andersons harsh, explicit orders never to let the USLTA or his family get their hands on anything of his. A couple of trophies are on display at Marrion Anderson's, a couple more at her son's house, but most are hidden away in a warehouse. Marrion Anderson has a steamer trunk full of Tilden's trophies that she never has opened.

When the war ended, Tilden was instrumental in organizing the Professional Tennis Players Association, and although he was 53 by then, he regularly got as far as the quarterfinals in pro tournaments and once nearly beat Bobby Riggs, then the world champion. He still went first class, with the best suite and a ball boy, and he still drew a lion's share of the attention. Once scolded in his suite, he would call up the press—"Big Bill is here"—and they came to see him. Even then, open tennis seemed just around the corner and, anyway, the prize money for Tilden's pros in 1947 was certain to be doubled.

Then, shortly before 10 p.m. on Saturday, Nov. 23, 1946, Beverly Hills police officers saw a 1942 Packard Clipper being driven erratically on Sunset Boulevard. When they flagged the car down at the intersection of Rexford, a 14-year-old boy got out of the driver's seat, Bill Tilden, sitting next to him, had just taken the boy to see *The Jolson Story* at the Pantages Theatre. At the station house, Big Bill readily admitted indiscretions with the boy on this evening and one previous.

Richard Maddox, 36, who had represented a lot of picture people, took the case, reluctantly. "The toughest cases I've ever had," he says, "are where a dog or a child are the victims." Nee was his defense helped by the fact that Tilden took a negligent, even condescending, attitude toward

the whole affair. These little nuisances had popped up before, he told Maddox, and nothing had ever come of them. "But this time you've been indicted," the lawyer told him. Tilden would not believe they would do anything to Big Bill. Two weeks before the trial, he wrote his sister-in-law, Hazel MacIntosh, assuring her that there was no need whatsoever for the family to worry.

Many friends of Tilden, even knowing that he was a homosexual, convinced themselves that it was a frame-up, many believe it to this day. But there is no evidence to support that claim, although as Tilden headed for trial certain cards were stacked against him. By coincidence, A. A. Scott, the judge assigned the case in Superior Court, happened to be the son of a famous trial lawyer named Joe Scott who had recently represented Joan Barry in her paternity suit against Charlie Chaplin, Tilden's best-known friend and an increasingly suspect Communist fellow traveler. It took little imagination on the part of the public to visualize the orgies that must have gone on on Summit Drive, with the Communist sympathizer ravaging all the teen-age girls, and the degenerate tennis player all the boys. Maddox sought help from Chaplin, but Chaplin's only advice was that Tilden should jump bail and leave the country.

Maddox did have a plan. First, he wanted a jury trial to get the case away from Scott and a stern moralist named William Rutz, the prosecutor. He was certain that the boy's wealthy parents would never let him take the stand and face cross-examination. The boy, whom Tilden had met at the L.A. Tennis Club, came from a broken home, and seemed to have had a rather dissolute, promiscuous sex life before Tilden took him riding. Without the boy's testimony, Maddox knew the state's case wouldn't wash. Besides, both the social worker and the psychiatrist who investigated the case urged that Tilden be treated, not incarcerated. The psychiatrist wrote: "In my opinion, whilst he appears outwardly cool, he is basically a neurotic and in some ways quite juvenile. This man should be regarded as one who is mentally ill."

But Tilden would have none of Maddox' advice. Arrogant and uncompromising as ever, even in these straits, he was sure he could beat the rap. And to give him the best of it, he was also as loyal as ever, and did not want to do anything that would risk hurting the boy. He informed Maddox that he would plead guilty. The lawyer says, "I told him point-blank, 'Bill, they're going to hang you. They're going to chew headlines.' But he wouldn't believe me. He didn't think they would dare touch him."

At the trial, Tilden, the unrelenting man of honor, may have damaged himself even more by lying, doggedly and pitifully. By now the court knew very well (if it could not prove it) that he had a long history of such behavior. Scott, who still views homosexuality as something Tilden "got mixed up in," as if it were like joining a dope ring, was anxious to see him confess all and renounce the devil. "I am just wondering, Mr. Tilden," he asked, "have you ever given any thought, over the years that you have been engaged in athletics, to the harm that you could do if you were ever caught doing something like this?"

Big Bill *continued*

Tilden: "Sir, I don't think I have thought of that because I have never been involved in anything of the kind."

Scott: "You mean by that you were never caught."

Tilden: "I mean I was not involved in it, sir. . . ."

The judge, simmering at this affront to the court's intelligence, allowed a bit more discussion, then glared down at Tilden and, without warning, loosed this thunderbolt: "All right, the court at this time is going to sentence you to the county jail for a period of one year. . . ." Tilden gagged, stupefied. "I am going to recommend that this time be served at the road camp, and on your release from jail. . . you are not to be found in the company of juveniles. . . ."

Big Bill slumped in his chair, aghast. "He was absolutely in shock," Maddox says. But Scott poured it on, speaking past the poor crumpled figure into the newspapers: "And I hope, Mr. Tilden, that this will serve as an object lesson to those parents who are concerned about the type of individuals that their youngsters are going around with. There is too much of this going on all the time in Los Angeles and elsewhere, and we've got to stop it."

Maddox tried to rise at this point. "If the court please, is there an opportunity for a stay of execution to permit this defendant. . . ."

"No," Scott called down, "Put the sentence into effect immediately."

Big Bill was so stunned that Maddox had to help lift him up and support him as he led him away to the custody of sheriff's deputies.

After a week in the county jail, Tilden, No. 9413, was sent to the Castaic Honor Farm, a few miles north of Los Angeles, where he was a storekeeper and trustee until Judge Scott relented and granted him an early release after 7½ months. But his probation became a purgatory; since he could not be alone with minors, Tilden lost much of what little coaching work he could obtain. He moved to smaller, cheaper apartments and became even more careless in his personal habits.

Some of his Hollywood benefactors abandoned Tilden, but the Cottens remained loyal, as did Chaplin. So did the Andersons, his family. "I want you to know, Marjorie, that you're the one who must decide whether I ever see you and Art again," he told her after his arrest, but they did not desert him. In fact, Arthur was with Tilden, alone in his apartment, in complete violation of his probation, when the police showed up on Jan. 28, 1949, with another warrant for Big Bill's arrest.

He had been identified as the man in a 1942 Packard Clipper who had picked up a teenage hitchhiker at 8 a.m. that day on Wilshire Boulevard and immediately began making improper advances. By now, patetically, Tilden was reduced to cruising, trolling the areas around high schools and Y's. "I can't help myself," he told Scott, and he begged the judge not to make him live in the twilight of probation; give him his sentence and let him square the account inside so that he could teach his young friends again.

By this time, the public had lost interest and the judge was lenient. On Feb. 10, Tilden's 56th birthday, Scott returned him to Castaic, but only for violation of probation, for being alone with Arthur. The grave new charge, which

could have been prosecuted as a felony, was forgotten. Tilden was given a year, but they let him out a couple of months early, for Christmas. There was no one to meet him when he was released in Los Angeles on Dec. 18, 1949. It was just days before the Associated Press half-century poll voted him the greatest athlete in his sport by a larger margin than any athlete in any other sport. J. F. Grover, the jailer, said, "Well, here's Big Bill Tilden again."

"Yeah, here's Tilden again," he said, and he walked out of jail and into the rain.

His opportunities were now even more diminished. Friends who had been willing to accept the first arrest would not forgive him the second. He went back to Forest Hills and realized, as he approached old friends, that they would literally turn their backs on him and pretend he did not exist. "Oh God, you could see them snub him," says two-time U.S. champion Sarah Palfrey Danzig. "He was so kind, so good. He deserved better from us all." In Philadelphia, his alumni files at Penn were purged, his pictures stripped from the walls at Germantown Cricket Club. No one rallied to his side. "They didn't, they didn't," Carl Fischer, an early protégé and old friend, says. "Myself included."

One of the few who did make a special effort was Gloria Butler. She went to Los Angeles where she found Tilden teaching on a public court near Grauman's Chinese Theatre. Tilden saw her across the way and stopped his lesson, but he just stood stock-still as she drew closer, closer. By now, he had been rejected so many times that he did not have the nerve to approach old friends. Even when Miss Butler reached him, he only stood and looked at her, tears forming in his eyes. At last, she understood, and called his name and fell against him, and only then did he put his arms around her, but he was shaking so that he could hardly hold her. "It's all right, Bill," she said. "It's all right, it's all right."

Miss Butler helped him locate a better apartment in the hills just above Hollywood, taking another flat below him for herself. She stayed for the next six months or so, observing the agony he was suffering. Nights he would be painfully restless. Sometimes she could hear him pacing the floor, and so she would go to his apartment and cook for him, play cards with him, read the bad plays he was still trying to write and take him out for a drive. Anything to comfort him.

In the daytime he could still be happy playing tennis. He would drop by the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, where an old friend, Frank Feltrop, was the pro. He'd ask Feltrop if there was anybody looking for a fourth for doubles. No money, just a game, just a chance to play. *Did anybody want to play tennis with Big Bill Tilden?* Sometimes Feltrop would not let him on the courts till he got cleaned up; sometimes he even had to give Tilden a clean shirt or shorts.

In 1953, Feltrop, who is now pro at the Deep Canyon Club in Palm Desert, Calif., got a sponsor to put up \$10,000, big money for the pros then, to hold what he christened the National Professional Hardcourt Championships at the Beverly Wilshire. Feltrop brought Tilden in as something of a co-promoter. Big Bill not only induced

continued



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IBM Reports

How one company's people and products are helping find the answers to some of the world's problems

Computer helps county give better service—from fire protection to community planning

Officials representing cities, counties and other units of local government from all over the United States and Europe have been converging on Eugene, Oregon lately.

The reason for their interest is that Eugene, and Lane County in which it's located, are considered to be among the nation's foremost local governments in the use of computer technology.

Just about any kind of information necessary to the efficient management of community services is processed by

an IBM computer which is shared by the city and county and 16 additional governmental units.

For example, the Lane County system is used to compile figures for electricity and water billing. It also keeps a record of the assessed valuation of each piece of property in the county for tax purposes.

"The point is," says Paul Weber, Director of Lane County Regional Information Systems, "with the computer, our local government agencies can be

far more responsive and responsible to the people they serve." He cites as a good example the way the computer was employed recently to help determine the location of a new firehouse. On a grid-like map indicating streets and homes in a section of Eugene, the computer pinpointed the precise spot from which the fire trucks could provide protection for a maximum number of homes within a three-minute run. Housing density and one-way streets along the various fire routes were among the many factors taken into account.

"Thanks to the computer, people here receive more service for their tax dollar," says Weber. "We asked every department to determine what its operating costs would be without the computer. The result showed a \$2.10 return on every dollar invested in data processing."

In the future, Eugene and Lane County officials predict that the computer will become increasingly important to community planning, helping to see that new roads and construction projects make the best use of the land.



Lane County Courthouse employees use information displayed on computer video screens to help speed service to citizens.

Learning system lowers language barrier

Imagine a school located in a district where children come from homes representing 22 different languages.

That's the situation at Marina Del Mar Elementary School in Monterey, California. But in spite of this, teachers report that many pupils from strictly foreign-language homes are communicating in English within a remarkably short time. And, among children from English-speaking backgrounds, some second graders are reading at a sixth grade level. Those responsible for the school's language-reading program say the major reason for these results is the Distar® System—an innovative teaching method developed by Science Research Associates, an IBM subsidiary.

The Distar System employs separate language and reading programs in a highly-organized series of lessons. In the Distar Language Program, the identification of everyday objects is

Washing blood for transfusions

By freezing blood in the form of red cells, hospitals can keep it much longer, including rare types that can be difficult to obtain.

But, before they can be used, previously frozen cells must be cleansed of preservative. An IBM development called the Blood Cell Processor is literally washing the red cells so they can be safely administered to patients. The Central Blood Bank of Pittsburgh is one of the facilities in the U.S. and other countries using this equipment.

After the blood is thawed, the IBM machine goes to work removing the glycerol, a chemical which permits red blood cells to be frozen without damage. According to Dr. Ron Gikher, Medical Director, the IBM Blood Cell Processor removes more than 99% of the glycerol from the red blood cells, making them ready for people who need transfusions. And it does the job at lower cost than other methods.



Workers check almond crop in Richgrove, California. M. B. McFarland and Sons manages this orchard and two other agricultural operations with cost control assistance from a computer. The three separate locations are linked to the company headquarters in McFarland, California by a computer that processes data on everything from weed control materials to insecticides to irrigation costs. The computer has reduced the time spent preparing reports by 75%, resulting in more efficient farm management.

used as a point of departure. For example, the teacher might display a picture of an automobile to the class and ask, "What is this?" If there is no response, the teacher will simply say, "car." Then the teacher will again ask the class, "What is this?" This process is repeated until the class can correctly identify the automobile, by which time the pupils are also beginning to understand the instructional language used by the teacher to elicit their responses.

In the Distar Reading Program, the sounds of the letters are the basic building blocks. "In order for a child to learn to read, he must know the sounds

the letters make. He does not necessarily need to know the names of the letters," says Mrs. Charlie Knight, school system official.

Teacher Mary Alice Brockway says, "The secret is to present the children with small learning tasks—goals they can achieve. And to keep building their confidence by constantly acknowledging their progress."

How well the system works is demonstrated by a little girl named Hea Seon Kang. From a Korean-speaking household, she's such an adept student of English that she has quickly become the unofficial translator for the other Korean students.



Portrait of pollution

Two IBM scientists have programmed a computer to map the flow of pollutants in the air over a city, as shown in the illustration above.

Working on the project for the Environmental Protection Agency, Dr. C. C. Shir and Dr. L. J. Shieh constructed a mathematical model of what they expected to happen in the air. They then compared it with observed data gathered in St. Louis, whose air pollution problems are similar to those of many large cities. Weather conditions and pollution levels were monitored for 25 consecutive days. These atmospheric conditions were very similar to those indicated by the computer-generated mathematical model. The scientists are now collecting data that will enable them to apply this technique to other cities, gaining knowledge that may help in the effort toward cleaner air.



Children at Marina Del Mar Elementary School in Monterey, California, are enjoying their lessons while learning at a rapid rate.

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people like Vinnie Richards to come out and enter the event, he sold boxes to all his Hollywood contacts. He was alive again, involved, full of enthusiasm, and, above all, ready once more to stand in the spotlight. Though Tilden had turned 60, Feltrop monkeyed with the draw a little so that the old man had a good chance to win one or two matches.

Then, just days before the tournament was to begin, Feltrop was summoned to the hotel manager's office and shown a stack of mail from women's groups and indignant citizens. The manager said he was sorry, but he had a hotel to run; the Beverly Wilshire could not be identified with any degenerate ex-con. "My God," says Feltrop, "that was the saddest thing I ever had to do in my life. They didn't even want him to set foot in the place again, but I couldn't tell him that, I just couldn't. I just told him they wouldn't let him play in the tournament. And he was heartbroken. Right there I think he knew he didn't have a hell of a lot to live for anymore. He said, 'But, Frank, Vinnie's coming out, all the old gang.'"

"I'm sorry, Bill, I'm sorry. I can't do anything."

"I'll sue you then, I'll sue the hotel," he said all of a sudden. Oh, he still had a crust on him, an unbelievable hide. I just said, "Come on, Bill, it's your arm that's been hurting, isn't it? You can't play with that arm, can you?" And then he nodded and said yes, he would say his arm was hurting, and after that, he just turned and walked away. He must have been down to 150 and he was all bent over then, so his bald spot in back was showing. Jesus, it was awful. The poor old son of a bitch."

One more place was closed to him. He went back up into the hills, to Chaplin's court. Chaplin had left the country and had been barred reentry, but Tilden still had use of the court, although he also had fewer and fewer students. In May he wrote Richards: "Vinnie, could you please send me a couple of dozen balls and a racket or two? If I had them I could get some lessons to give. I need the money badly." Richards immediately prepared a packet to send. On June 2, Tilden went to see a pupil, Herbert Brenner, with a deal. Brenner was away from his office, so Tilden left him a note, offering 40 hours of instruction for \$200—a cut-rate five bucks an hour—if Brenner would pay in advance, now. He wrote: "I am in real need of money at this moment—therefore this offer."

What Tilden needed money so urgently for was a trip he had planned—first to Texas for some exhibitions, then up to Cleveland for the U.S. Professional Championships at Lakewood Park. He was 60 now, and the two jail stretches had not been good for his health. He couldn't shake a cold. At times when he was playing he would be wracked so hard with coughs that he would have to lean against the canvas for support. But Big Bill Tilden was getting ready for the U.S. Pro Championships, and there was no time or money for a doctor.

A few days before he was to leave for Cleveland, Tilden picked up Anderson at UCLA. There, he met two of Anderson's college teammates, a couple of top Canadian players named Don Fontana and Bob Bedard. Tilden invited them to play at Chaplin's and when he got up there he suddenly announced that they were going to have a

Davis Cup match—Canada vs. the U.S. Fontana and Bedard looked tentatively at each other, and then at the gaunt old man with the long legs and the dirty old white sweater. Tilden was exhilarated. He conducted a draw, and when play began he would make announcements, such as "Advantage, United States" and "Canada leads four games to three, first set." It was a beautiful, eerie absurdity, the four of them, alone on the abandoned estate, playing out this fantasy all afternoon. "Bob and I won both singles," Fontana says, "and then the doubles, too. Tilden was beside himself when he and Anderson lost that, because it gave Canada the match. We were just playing to get good practice, but he was like a tiger, and he agonized when they lost. It was all very real to him." Big Bill had to get ready for the U.S. Pro Championships. When Herbert Brenner came through with the \$200, the trip was on for Saturday.

The night before, Friday, June 5, the Andersons invited Tilden over for a going-away dinner. He and Arthur had played several sets earlier that day, and Tilden picked up a couple of lessons as well before he went back to his apartment on Argyle Avenue, just up from Hollywood and Vine, to change. "Bill had a habit," Anderson says, "of getting all dressed to go out, coat and tie, everything, everything but his shoes, and then lying down on the bed to read until it was exactly the time to leave. He was always very punctual. Then he would sit up, put his hair down in back, put on his shoes and get up and go out."

When Tilden did not arrive exactly on time for dinner, the Andersons called, and when there was no answer, Arthur drove to the apartment. The landlady, Mrs. John Bray, let him in. Big Bill lay dead across the bed. Next to the bed, his bags were packed. He was ready to play in the U.S. Pro Championships in Cleveland.

"Just a case of a chap 60 years old who outlived his heart," the coroner said. Besides his trophies, he left practically nothing: \$142.11 in cash and \$140 in American Express traveler's checks—and \$200 of this had to be returned to Brenner. Tilden was due a \$6 refund from the Automobile Club of America. That and what else there was went to Arthur Anderson, "my logical successor in tennis."

A memorial service at the Pierce Mortuary a few days later drew a spotty crowd. Tilden was dressed in a new white sweater with figures of red deer running across the chest that Joseph Cotten had bought for him. Big Bill was cremated because it was cheaper to get him across state lines that way, and shipped back to Philadelphia. For \$115 a small stone was bought. It reads: WILLIAM T. TILDEN 2ND 1893-1953. It is the only monument of any kind anywhere in the world—at Forest Hills, Wimbledon, Germantown, anywhere—that pays tribute to the greatest tennis player who ever lived.

On a warm June afternoon, while the U.S. Professional Championships were taking place in Cleveland, a handful of relatives and friends in Philadelphia watched as Bill Tilden was lowered into the ground at Ivy Hill, 70 years after his older brothers and sisters were put there, 40 years after the rest of his family. He was placed by the side of his brother Herbert and at the feet of his mother, so at last he could be her child again, for good, at peace.

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BOWLING OVER ITS RIVALS



LINDEMANN HAS NBC ATOP SUNDAY FOOTBALL RATINGS

Football, the sport that has allowed them those extra marbles to go along with their \$7.50 Caesar salads at lunch, has taken an unwelcome turn for the people at CBS and ABC. On those two networks the game seems to have peaked due to the oldest of all television diseases, overexposure. And that might add up to a crisis for televised football were it not for all those other folks over at NBC who are raising their glasses higher than ever, toasting their best season of football telecasting.

While the ratings for ABC's package of college and Monday night pro games and CBS' lineup of NFL National Conference contests were slumping, those for American Conference games on NBC were on the rise and topped off an excellent sports year for the network. Last spring, in prime time, NBC carried North Carolina State's victory in the NCAA basketball championships and Henry Aaron's 715th lifetime home run. It also had the World Series, the Orange and Rose Bowls and the most exciting game of this pro football season, Oakland's 28-26 playoff win over the Miami Dolphins. And last week NBC carried the Super Bowl with all the buzz and babaroo that surrounded it.

The man in charge of sports at NBC is 52-year-old Carl Lindemann Jr., who has gotten about one-tenth as much publicity as his ABC counterpart, Roone Arledge, while quietly beating his blue chips on live program-

ming, and he now has drawn some big winners. Of course, not everything is perfect at NBC. Hockey ratings are still a problem, and the word is circulating in basketball and television circles that before the season is over the network may junk the National Hockey League and pick up the American Basketball Association, a move that would have ramifications for both sports. But that situation cannot remove the smile from Lindemann's face. NBC's football successes are especially pleasing to

him because in some ways he, more than anyone else, brought about the merger of the AFL and NFL.

Lamar Hunt, Sonny Werblin and Joe Namath are the three people generally credited with making the American Football League respectable. To be sure, each of them was important, but it was Lindemann and then-NBC President Robert Kintner who pulled the AFL up from "Mickey Mouse" status in 1964 by giving the league \$42 million for a five-year contract. That was five times what ABC had been paying for the AFL rights. "That initial contract proved out a loser for us for five years," Lindemann says, "but it allowed the league to sign draft choices and get going. We had problems getting our games into the major television markets, and I can remember some of the championship games not even selling out."

Despite the huge investment, it was not until this season that NBC passed CBS in the pro football ratings. On Jan. 3 NBC placed an advertisement on the back page of *The New York Times* to celebrate the feat. The ad not only showed that NBC had out-rated CBS by .3 of a point and about 60,000 viewers per game, but that NBC's rating had jumped 6 1/2, while CBS had fallen 4 1/2.

It may be, as NBC quickly points out, that the AFC has more interesting and generally younger teams than the NFC. It also may be that NBC had an incredible run of luck

in choosing games for its national broadcasts that turned out to be close and exciting right to the final gun.

Before Super Bowl IX, Lindemann said, "I'm hoping for a lousy day in the northern part of the country so that we can get good ratings." He paused for a moment. "By the northern part of the country I mean from California to Maine. We started thinking about the Super Bowl in the spring and had people go to Tulane Stadium to look it over several times. I'm way over my budget. It will cost us \$350,000 just for production alone."

NBC's Super Bowl package consisted of five hours of broadcasting with 36 minutes of commercials sold at prices up to \$214,000 per minute, the second-highest figure in the history of broadcast advertising. While Lindemann conceded in advance that a matchup between Pittsburgh and Minnesota, two teams that rely heavily on rushing offenses and stout defenses, was not a dream game from a television point of view, he said, "I've read where the Super Bowl is called the Super Bore and that the games have been dull, but I haven't seen this in a television sense. The one thing I can say for sure before it starts is that the Super Bowl, no matter how it's played, will be the No. 1 sporting event of the year."

"The thing to be wary of with a Super Bowl telecast," Lindemann added, "is that just because you have a lot of equipment [10 cameras] and personnel [100 in the site, you don't overproduce it." NBC didn't. Unlike Bowl telecasts I-VIII, this one did not stagger the viewer with endless reruns of insignificant plays or meaningless shots from balloons on high. And analyst Al DeRogato, a man who can normally come up with 114 superlatives to describe a night end who falls off the bench, used the word "great" only about a dozen times—a record low.

NBC's major problem occurred in its taped replays, which frequently fluttered and also changed hues, running the spectrum from pink to green. Almost everything else was well done. Curt Gowdy announced his best game of the year, and Don Meredith, who combined with Joe Namath for a pre-game show that was so flip it flopped, brought to the game a sense of humor it has needed since its inception.

END

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One very stormy Sellers

Does-it-all Phil has blitzed opponents, refs and even teammates with criticism while leading surprising Rutgers in scoring and acting

Press releases cranked out by Rutgers' publicity office invariably describe Phil Sellers, a 6'5" junior forward, as a "does-it-all" player. The literature naturally dwells on such matters as the 23 points and eight rebounds Sellers has averaged in leading the New Jersey school to a surprising 10-2 record. But what the handouts do not mention is of equal note. Why is Sellers always jawing at referees, teammates and opponents? How come anguish so often clouds his features? Why is he forever taking dramatic falls during games? In short, is Sellers doing it all to become an All-America—which he probably will—or is it an Academy Award he wants?

What makes Sellers' histrionics so

striking is his relatively mild manner off the court. Admitting to something of a Jekyll-and-Hyde personality, he says, "I get involved when I'm playing. Sometimes I just get carried away." Sellers' involvement has cost him technical fouls—four already this season—as well as a nasty scar on his shoulder from a memorable collision with a press table. It also has led him to complain to the officials virtually every time a call goes against him and, most annoying, to grin gleefully whenever he gets away with something.

Some of Sellers' reactions are understandable. He is a marked man who usually must fight through double- and triple-team defenses to score. Rugged enough to crash the boards and quick enough for the press Rutgers frequently employs, he is the kind of heavy-duty player unseen in New Jersey since Bill Bradley was putting on his does-it-all act down Highway 27 in Princeton. A deft passer and outside shooter, Sellers also is called upon to play low post, where he must work against bigger opponents. "Phil takes a beating underneath, but he loves contact," says Tom Young, who became Rutgers' coach last year after a winning record at American University. "He takes it right to the other guy."

It is a sign of at least some restraint that Sellers has never been drawn into a real fight on the court. He says, "I'm a lot more help playing than I'd be if I got thrown out." And he acknowledges a desire to curb his passions: "I need to have a little more cool out there. Everybody expected me to play a major role here, and that's put pressure on me. I've still got some growing up to do."

Sellers' involvement with the game began on the playgrounds of Brooklyn, where he spent so much time that "People used to tell me I was going to turn into a basketball. They even asked me if I slept with my basketball," Sellers was

a schoolboy All-America at Thomas Jefferson High and was selected MVP of Pittsburgh's prestigious Dapper Dan all-star game at the end of his senior season. After sifting through offers from 200 colleges, he signed a letter of intent to go to Notre Dame. But last-minute jitters about his ability to hack it there academically persuaded him to enroll at Livingston College, a part of Rutgers specially designed to help students from low-income backgrounds. Sellers was a 20-point scorer as a freshman while Rutgers stumbled to a 14-11 record. With Young's arrival last season the Scarlet Knights improved to 18-8, but some reporters concentrated instead on what one of them called Sellers' "unbecoming conduct."

As Rutgers now flirts with an unaccustomed spot in the Top 20, Sellers' efforts at self-modulation are apparent. Called for technicals, he apologizes promptly. He also has become less severe with teammates. "Now I pat them on the rear when I criticize them," he says. "I want them to know I don't mean anything personal." At a team meeting Sellers listened sheepishly as Young pointedly said, "Phil isn't the one who makes out the starting lineup around here." But the coach also says, "One of Phil's problems is that he's such a smart player. He peeks on the other guys out of frustration. While they're still trying to understand what I'm talking about, he's already learned it."

Sellers' basketball sense also impresses Southern Cal Coach Bob Boyd, who attributes the Rutgers player's abrasive style partly to "outstanding gamesmanship." Specifically, Boyd has in mind Sellers' success at drawing offensive fouls, an art requiring courage, good floor position and, what can scarcely fail to interest an observer from Los Angeles, inspired acting. During the Holiday Festival games at Madison Square Garden, in which Rutgers took third behind upset winner Fordham and USC, Sellers scored 76 points and, amazingly, drew nine charging fouls in three games. In a subsequent 97-87 win over Long Island University, Sellers drew three more offensive fouls. Early in the game he warned Nate Revels, the LIU forward guarding him, "I'm going to foul you out." Then he proceeded to do exactly that.

The boasting was forgivable. Later

continued



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Revels admitted that it was he who actually started the verbal sparring. One of Revels' fouls occurred when he slammed into Sellers as Sellers was driving for the basket. Stepping to the free-throw line, Sellers grinned hugely. Significantly, he was looking at Revels, not at the referee. As the Scarlet Knights' does-it-all forward says, "I'm starting to realize it's not smart to make the refs look bad." Maybe he has things more under control than it appears.

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

MIDEAST When Iowa missed a shot in the final seconds at Indiana 17,528 fans cheered wildly. Of course they were excited about the Hoosiers' 102-49 win and their 17-game winning streak. But what made them really ecstatic was that the miss meant they could take up a local restaurant on its offer of a free burger and French fries to anyone with a ticket stub from a game in which an Indiana opponent scored fewer than 50 points. After the entry was stamped as badly as the Hawkeyes the Indianapolis *Star* carried the banner headline: McDONALD'S DESERVES A BREAK TODAY. Earlier Indiana disposed of Michigan 90-76. Those wins, coupled with Ohio State's 76-47 upset of Minnesota, left Indiana the Big Ten's only unbeaten team. With 10 black players back from a one-day suspension, Michigan State zonked Ohio State 88-84 and Michigan 86-78. The suspended players said they had been upset by some of Coach Gus Gonsky's strategy, by drafts in their field house and because team pictures had not been hung in the lobby.

After vanquishing Tennessee 82-78 and Mississippi State 86-71, Alabama was the lone undefeated team in the Southeastern Conference with a 3-0 record. Switching to a 2-3 zone after 19 minutes enabled the Tide to halt the Volunteers. The shift hampered Ernie Grunfeld and Bernard King, who combined for 36 points in the first half but had only 22 thereafter. Charles (Boome) Russell led Alabama scorers with 48 points in the two games. Tennessee came back to drub Mississippi 102-82 as Grunfeld went 17 for 28 from the field and had 36 points.

Trailing Manhattan by seven points with 10:15 left, Marquette Coach Al McGuire inserted starting Forward Earl Tatum at guard. With Tatum pumping in eight quick points the Warriors overhauled the Jaspers 66-62.

1. INDIANA (14-0) 2. ALABAMA (10-1)

MIDWEST Louisville was comically inconsistent as it won three times. At home against Cincinnati the Cardinals had more turnovers (30) than field goals (27), got off only 53 shots to the Bearcats' 80 even though Cinzy used four freshmen extensively. Still, Louisville won 82-74, thanks to 24 points from Junior Bridgman and good foul shooting. The Cards made 28 of 35 free throws. Then, in the first of two Missouri Valley Conference road games, the Cardinals overcame West Texas State 53-51 when Center Bill Buntin slammed a Buffalo shot back almost to mid-court and Guard Phillip Bond took it in for the winning layup at the final buzzer. After a team meeting to which the coaches were not invited, the Cardinals shook their shakiness against a New Mexico State team which had the best defensive record in the country (51.9 points a game) and did their best shooting of the week. Playing at the Aggie's Pan American Center, which had been flooded with 1,200 gallons of water on the morning of the game, the Cardinals shot 73% in the first half and mopped up 82-69.

La Salle and its 6'10" center, Joe Bryant, were lavishly praised by Memphis State Coach Wayne Yates after the Explorers bopped the Tigers 93-84. Yates, who labeled Bryant the finest player he has seen this season, called La Salle "The best team we've played aside from UCLA." Bryant had 34 points, Bill Taylor 20 and Charlie Wue 13 assists. Guard Bill Cook, who scored 30 points against La Salle, had 31 as Memphis State beat Southern Mississippi 83-77. With the Tigers leading by one point at the half, Yates told his players to defend with their feet instead of their hands to cut down on personal fouls. Playing footsie perfectly, the Tigers did not give the Golden Eagles the chance to shoot a foul in the second half.

Miami of Ohio shocked Mid-American Conference favorite Bowling Green 73-64.

3. LOUISVILLE (11-0) 3. KANSAS (10-4)

EAST Clemson's hopes of scoring an Atlantic Coast Conference upset over North Carolina were punctured and acupuncture 74-72. After getting acupuncture treatments for his injured back, Mitch Kupchak of the Tar Heels stuck it to the Tigers with 18 points and 20 rebounds. Further deflating Clemson, which led by 16 points at one time in the first half, were 18 missed foul shots in 32 tries. Foul play, however, helped Maryland down Duke 83-77. The Terps, harried throughout by the Blue Devils' zone defense, sank six straight free throws in the last 63 seconds. Maryland then stopped Wake Forest 89-73 as a three-guard offense ignited an 18-0 scoring spree in the second half. Those guards, Mo Howard, Brad Davis and John Lucas, scored 51

points. North Carolina State flattened Western Carolina 119-61.

Virginia Tech fans taunted South Carolina Guard Jackie Gilloon with calls of "Gilloon the poon," but he shut them up with two consecutive drives through the middle that broke a 75-75 tie and led to an 81-77 win for the Gamecocks. Gilloon, who had 20 points, also got in the last word. Hearing that Tech Coach Den DeVoe felt he was the difference in the game, Gilloon said, "I agree." South Carolina also beat Fordham 94-67.

Bemoaning his team's three losses in its last four games, Penn Coach Chuck Daly referred to his players as "barnacleds" turned into "guppies." Properly chastised the Quakers played like piranhas, devouring Ivy League opponents Harvard (103-75) and Dartmouth (108-79). Vaqueros John Engles scored 46 points and sank 20 of his last 24 field-goal attempts.

The nation's leading scorer last season, Larry Fogle of Canisius, was dropped from the team by Coach John McCarthy for failing "to make the adjustments in terms of discipline and responsibility." Fogle had been averaging 22.3 this season.

Surprising La Salle improved its record to 12-1 with an 81-71 triumph over Niagara.

1. N.C. STATE (10-1) 2. MARYLAND (10-1)

WEST It was almost a case of no Ticky, no winny. But Utah's Tacky Burden made up for his worst shooting of the season (six for 24) by sinking a foul shot with two seconds left in overtime to hold off Arizona 75-74 in a Western Athletic Conference game. Two other free throws with two seconds left, these by James Holliman of Arizona State, led a 96-93 loss for the Utes despite 33 points from Burden. Earlier State had shot 61% as it whopped Brigham Young 110-80. Arizona also topped BYU 83-66.

"Call him the Glue Man," said Washington State Coach George Raveling after a 77-69 defeat by UCLA. Dave Meyers helped cement that Bruin win with 17 points and added 21 more as UCLA defeated Washington 92-82. Facing the same teams, USC blew two 14-point leads before defeating the Cougars 94-80 and nearly squandered a 10-point bulge edging the Huskies 89-87. USC's man-to-man defense provoked 37 turnovers by State and 22 by Washington.

After earning its third straight one-point win over Stanford 84-83, Oregon lost 60-58 for the first time this season to California.

It was a case of like son, like father for Peic Padgett of Nevada-Reno and his dad-coach, Jim. After Peic exchanged punches with Loyola Marymount's Don Jackson, Jim whacked Jackson with a right hook. As for the game, Loyola won 109-84.

1. UCLA (10-0) 2. USC (10-1)



Herb Miller, the "best" deerslayer in the state, takes the long view

Pennsylvania big shot

He stood in front of Red's Diner, staring north toward a pinpoint of light in the clear Lewistown, Pa. night. The light came from the clock on the town hall steeple, 5,890 feet away, and Herb Miller had a plan: early some morning he would take his rifle to Red's parking lot; a friend would be parked near town hall with a walkie-talkie to tell him when the hour was struck, really struck; and Miller would squeeze off a round. He would have to pay for the damages, but he knew it would be worth it. "I'm going to want it published everywhere," he said. "Herb Miller is a recognition hound, you know." And on this night that craving was giving him fits.

For Miller, a 34-year-old, 250-pound ironworker, it had been a rough week, rougher than usual. Pennsylvania's deer-hunting season was almost over, the roads were jammed with cars draped with bucks, and Miller, "the best deer killer

in the state," or so he said, had yet to fire a shot. And so he reviewed his fantastic ambition. A deer would be more practical, but hitting the clock, 7' in diameter, at 5,890 feet, would be no problem; in 1968 Miller had killed a 90-pound doe at a distance of more than a mile, 345 feet more, to be exact. But first he had seen it, and now the seeing was very bad. There had been no snow, and at one or two thousand yards the deer, if there were any, seemed as one with the leaf-strewn, rocky terrain. Most of the deer appeared to be in the deep lower woods, not on the hillsides where Miller could get the long views his brand of hunting requires.

He hunts with custom-made rifles, pages of trajectory tables, 15 x 80 Vixen binoculars and a surplus range finder which cost the Army about \$3,000. Miller also needs the help of a friend, usually Bill Price, a 29-year-old sheet-metal mechanic. Long-range hunting is a two-man job, one to shoot and one to spot. Miller says long-range twosomes make up less than 1% of all U.S. hunters, and that most of them are in Pennsylvania. Perhaps that is a good thing, if many of them are like Miller; the fabric of civilization is only so strong.

Miller's wife Leone complains that he sleeps with a rifle and she sleeps on the floor, but exaggerations are unnecessary to define her husband. Last winter, with

the snow 18 inches deep, he hiked four or five miles into the woods and lived alone in a tent for a week, eating trout he caught through the ice, rabbits he shot and beans.

Most of the year Miller goes from one ironworking job to another, but from December through March he does nothing but hunt and fish. Recently when he took a magazine writer hunting he announced, "We get there tomorrow and if there's a deer on the mountain I'm going to tell everyone it's for a story, and if some other hunter doesn't like it, why, we'll get him first. It's a good thing there's laws, because I'd get myself a tank or a howitzer and I'd kill deer by the busloads." And after a lengthy stint with the binoculars he complained, "I'm gonna tell you, buddy, this is the most boring job I know."

After two hours of viewing trees and rocks, shimmering through the powerful lenses, Miller was saying, "It feels like someone is pulling my eyeballs out of my head." He sat on the level ridge of a steep, forested hill in Pennsylvania's Centre County, looking across a deep valley to the ridges and the slopes of other steep hills, from half a mile to a mile and a half away. It was a prime location for long-range hunting: Miller's rifle was supported and steadied by small cloth bags stuffed with navy peas and it rested on a small table. In two hours he had gassed over more territory than he could have explored in two days of conventional hunting, but he had not seen a deer. Finally he sighted in the range finder on a two-foot-wide rock in Penn Creek, winding far below. Twelve hundred and fifty yards, the indicator read. Miller checked the trajectory tables; 126 clicks of elevation would be required on his Unertl scope, and he clicked them off. To be on target at 1,250 yards the bullet would have to be some 245 inches above eye level at the halfway point. Miller checked the wind direction, estimated its velocity, aimed two feet to the right and fired. Through the binoculars a tiny puff of dust could be seen in the middle of the rock, and he said, "Windage and elevation, those are the keys to long-range hunting. And the goal is yardage and a kill." Now all Miller needed was the kill.

Early next morning Miller and Price sat on a hillside 50 feet above Honey Creek in the town of Reedsville. Through the binoculars, they slowly tracked the line of a steep, snowless, rocky slope be-

continued



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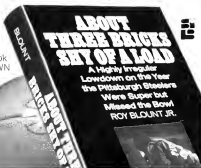
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HUNTING roadshow

low a ridge about 400 feet above them. Then the scanning stopped. Miller and Price squinted into the rising sun at a point on the slope.

"It's a buck," Price finally whispered. "He's lying down."

They took turns looking through the binoculars. Once Miller said, "No, it's a doe... wait, no, I'm not sure."

Finally, after more than an hour of concentration, Miller said, "Damn it, it's a rock."

Price took the binoculars from him. "Yuh," he said, "it's a rock."

That evening Miller displayed his weapon collection, which includes 46 rifles, nine pistols, eight hunting knives, two stilettos, a blowgun and a battle-ax. Miller said that he shoots a blowgun better than anyone in the country, and that he spends about \$3,000 a year on trap-shooting. "I'm one of the best there is," he said. "And I'm mighty fine with a battle-ax, a stiletto and a .357 and .44-magnum pistol, too. If it has to do with competition I'll do it. You can hit me with an ax, but the worst thing is to beat me. If we're having a contest I'll win; I don't care if it's biting toenails."

But now the buck season was over and Miller had hunted 14 straight days without getting his. Then, as the two-day doe season began, it finally started to snow. On the second day Miller and Price set up 400 feet above Penn Creek, at a place called Scenic View on the border of Millin and Centre Counties. At 2:10 that afternoon, between gusts of snow, they saw a doe at 1,040 yards. They did not see it again until the snow stopped half an hour later, when Miller shot twice and missed both times. He had misjudged the wind but, on the third shot, reckoning by the direction and speed of the blowing snow, he aimed four feet to the left of target. Bill Price, looking through the binoculars, saw the doe fall and he still.

The rifle Miller used had weighed 9½ pounds, light for shooting at that distance. It was a custom-made Model 76 Winchester, and Miller said, "Lots of guys can kill deer at a thousand yards with a heavy gun. But I did it with a light one, and that's really tough."

That evening, in the parking lot of Red's Diner, Miller was looking to the north, to the clock, and saying, "That's it, the ultimate shot of my life. If I make it they'll still be talking about me in 500 years."

END

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Viceroy. Where excitement is now a taste.

For the Detroit Pistons all was normal early last week, which meant there weren't enough healthy bodies to make up two practice teams. Coach Ray Scott had called for drills on Monday and Tuesday, but without his two All-Stars, Center Bob Lanier (wounded knee) and Guard Dave Bing (attending a funeral). And the wife of reserve Forward Howard Porter was seriously ill, and so he was spending the two days with her in New York. They were all back on Wednesday when Milwaukee came to town, but the visiting Bucks added some speed to an attack that has been less than quick and stopped the Pistons 102-92.

When it was over, Scott was saddened and you might have imagined from the way he spoke that this team was in dire trouble. "This isn't a YMCA league," he said softly. "You just don't show up one night a week and expect to win. You've got to work at it. And, for one reason or another—travel, injuries, personal problems—we haven't been able to do that. Not for the last eight days. And in this league that's a long time."

Scott might have added: especially when you reside in the NBA's Midwest Division, where Detroit and Milwaukee, and Chicago and Kansas City-Omaha make their homes. That foursome spends so much time assaulting each other they have hardly enough muscle left to go out and mug the rest of the league. Scott might also have mentioned that his Pistons were on top of the division. Through last Sunday's games, they led with a 24-18 record, with the Bulls, the Bucks and the Kings in hot pursuit. Just four games separated Detroit from last-place Kansas City-Omaha.

"Last year proved that it's the toughest division in the NBA," says Chicago Coach Dick Motta. "And I think a lot of teams in the other divisions are looking at our schedule and the way we are killing each other—and then come in and pick up the pieces. Sometimes."

This season, for example, Chicago plays Milwaukee eight times, Detroit nine times and Kansas City-Omaha nine times. That's 26 games within a division that leads the NBA in defense. And besides Kansas City-Omaha, which is the only one of the four to remain relatively healthy, leads the intradivisional play

No slowdown in Detroit

The Pistons have the lead in the NBA's toughest division but they can't afford a recession with the Bulls, Kings and Bucks right behind

with a 10-6 record, Milwaukee is 8-6, Detroit 5-5 and Chicago 4-10.

"This is the toughest division I've ever played in," says Chicago Center Nate Thurmond, who came to the Bulls from Golden State and is now having one of his better seasons. "With Abdul-Jabbar and Lanier, the Midwest has two of the three best centers in the NBA, and all those games against that pair makes life a lot tougher than it was on the West Coast."

And the division keeps getting tougher. After a sluggish start, Detroit has won eight of its last nine games, and 13 of 21 since Dec. 4. With Abdul-Jabbar operating at full bore once again, the Bucks are overcoming their horrendous start and by last Sunday were almost at the .500 mark. And Chicago has shown signs of emerging from its offensive lethargy. Since losing twice to Detroit at the end of December, the Bulls have won five of six. And only once did they fail to score at least 100 points.

Only Kansas City-Omaha, which had a surprisingly strong start, has shown signs of flagging as the season moves into its second half. The Kings have dropped six of their last seven.

"It's been a weird year," said Ray Scott. "For a while there I thought we were going to end up in a four-way tie." Then he grinned, partly because by now it was Friday. After Wednesday's loss to the Bucks, his Pistons had gone to Milwaukee and that night had been superb in winning 89-81. "We've finally got it together," said Scott.

When the season opened the consensus was that Detroit would sprint ahead of its Midwest rivals. Why not? With Abdul-Jabbar out with a broken hand, no one expected much from Milwaukee—and got it. Chicago was opening with Bob Love and Norm Van Lier holding out, which is like sending Patton into battle without his tanks. And even with Sam Lacey blossoming into a first-rate NBA

center, plus Nate Archibald healthy once more, little was expected from the Kings.

But the Pistons had problems of their own, although some of them were not quite visible. Bing and Don Adams, the brilliant defensive forward, had been pre-season holdouts, and for Adams, at best a slow starter, the delay was costly. And Scott sensed that the holdouts had disrupted the team unity that by the end of last season had lifted the Pistons out of perennial mediocrity.

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LACEY IS FINALLY GAINING ATTENTION

Then came the injuries. Bing hurt a foot and had to have half of his right big toenail removed. For the first two weeks of the season he wore a size 14 shoe on his right foot, where normally he wears a 12. Later he sprained an ankle. Two weeks into the season Adams injured an Achilles tendon, missed eight games and then needed another month to play himself back into shape.

Then almost the entire forward corps collapsed. Willie Norwood started the first seven games and was shooting at 54%, when he complained of extreme pain in his left knee. A few days later he had an operation to remove a bone spur and still is out. Curtis Rowe came down with near pneumonia, lost 15 pounds but continued to play, though he was not as effective.

After 20 games the Pistons had won but 10. They bumped along, finally reaching 16-17, taking turns with the Bulls and the Kings in first place.

"That was enough," says Scott. "We thought in the beginning we could run and shoot. We found out we couldn't. And so we went back to the things we do best: tough defense and more patience on offense. That's what won for us last year."

The move suited the 6'11", 260-pound

Lanier, who was having a fine year and at that point became even better. In an attempt to determine the NBA's most complete player, statistics were fed into a computer. They included total scoring, assists, rebounds, blocked shots and field-goal scoring. Lanier came out No. 1. After 40 games he was averaging 24.7 points and playing tremendous defense. And he was doing it with a left knee wracked by tendinitis and arthritis. Every few days the knee has to be drained, and after every game he packs it in ice to reduce the pain and swelling.

"He's our savior," says Rowe.

"Our healer," says Adams.

"Our leader," says Bing.

"Listen to those guys," says Lanier.

"They think I'm Moses."

Returning to their old style of play and healthy again, the Pistons ran off six straight victories. In November they played 14 games and gave up an average of 102.4 points per game. In 21 games since then they have allowed but 91.8 points a game and lowered their season average to 97.4, second best in the NBA. Chicago is first, giving up just 93.2, with Milwaukee ranked No. 4 and Kansas City-Omaha No. 9. As a unit, the Midwest foursome is allowing only 97.8 points a game, the only division under 100.

The big surprise in the Midwest has been Kansas City-Omaha, which won only 33 games all last year and was only 4-16 in its division. The return of Tiny Archibald has been of great help, but the biggest factor in the Kings' surge has been the emergence of the 6'10", 230-pound Lacey as one of the NBA's better centers.

Heading into the All-Star game, where he was to play behind Abdul-Jabbar and Lanier, Lacey was leading the league in minutes played, in assists for a center and in defensive rebounds. Still, for some reason, people find it hard to admit that the four-year veteran is really that good.

The rap on Lacey is that he doesn't score enough. After the first 44 games he was averaging only 11.6 points.

"I always felt I could score more," he says, "but the last two years I've tried to play a more complete game. Everybody looks at the superstars, the guys who make 20 or more points a game. Now, really, there are only four or five real superstars in the league. Some centers are averaging up there but their shooting

percentage is terrible. I don't call that being a superstar."

Under Phil Johnson, who took over the Kings in November 1973, Lacey is the hub of the offense. He has become expert at setting packs, and he screens and passes well—and still rebounds, steals and blocks shots.

"At the age of 26, Sam is one of the real keys to our future," says Johnson.

As for Milwaukee, before last week's Detroit series it figured it needed to win both games to prove it had finally got untracked.

"I don't know what's wrong," said Milwaukee Coach Larry Costello, "but we have not been playing as hard now that Kareem is back as we did when he was out."

Milwaukee also seems to be trying to win with a two-man offense. On Jan. 5, in a victory over Chicago, Abdul-Jabbar and Forward Bobby Dandridge scored 66 of the Bucks' 96 points. Two nights later, while losing a game to Kansas City-Omaha, the same pair scored 59 of the team's 99.

For last week's games with Detroit, Costello went to Gary Brokaw, the speedy rookie from Notre Dame, and he responded with 22 points in the opener. Abdul-Jabbar had 23, Dandridge 32 and Guard Jim Price 20. In Game Two, Brokaw started again, scored six quick points and injured his hip. After that, the Bucks were never really in it, although the Pistons had lost Bing with an ankle injury late in the first period.

Dandridge was furious after the loss. "There's something badly wrong with this team," he said. "We're not hungry enough. We go out there and sometimes we play like dogs. We're trying to set up plays and we should be running. We're going to have trouble beating anybody unless we start running as soon as we set a foot on the court."

In the Piston dressing room, Lanier was content. After the first game, a Detroit paper said that the Bucks had shown the Pistons who was "boss." The big center had been less than happy with the story.

A man came in and clapped Lanier on the shoulder. "Hey, Bob, what happened to the boss?"

"I don't know anything about bosses," said Lanier, who had just scored 29 points. He grinned broadly. "I just know who won the game."

END



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This was supposed to be a sad story about the California Seals. Sorry about that, chief. Although still in the Adams Division cellar, and imprisoned in Oakland while the NHL searches for someone with a spare \$4 million who wants a hockey team for a tax shelter, since Christmas the Seals have routed Boston and Philadelphia and tied Buffalo at home. Having won only three of their previous 59 away games, the Seals in the last two weeks have won two, lost three and tied one on the road. Since Christmas, then, the Seals have posted a record of 4-3-2, and President Clarence Campbell is dancing in the boardroom at NHL headquarters in Montreal.

"The value of the Seals is going up daily," Campbell chirped last week after his orphaned team stunned the Blues 3-2 in St. Louis. At present the Seals are owned in equal parts by 15 other teams in the NHL who paid \$6.75 million to buy out Charles O. Finley last winter. "Owning the Seals has been an enormous dollar drain for us, more than I want to acknowledge," Campbell admitted. Besides the purchase price, the Seals also will cost each NHL club another \$200,000 for operating expenses this season. "If we keep winning like this," said Coach Marshall Johnson after the game in St. Louis, "maybe the other clubs will stop paying our bills."

The real question, though, is this: Can hockey survive in Oakland? Or must the NHL move the franchise across the Bay to San Francisco? Or back across the Rockies to Denver? Or to the insolvent league? In truth, the Bay Area has traditionally been a disaster spot for the NHL. In their 7½ seasons the Seals have had five owners, seven coaches, three names (California Seals, Oakland Seals, California Golden Seals) and three color schemes for their uniforms, including the present Pacific blue and California gold, a combination that makes the players look like a bunch of extras in an Andy Warhol flick. Not surprisingly, the Seals have made the playoffs only twice.

Three years ago the Seals had some of the best young players in hockey, but Finley underestimated the threat of the World Hockey Association and consequently lost the nucleus of his squad to the new league's checkbook raiders. Now once again the Seals control some of hockey's best young players, but the

These Seals refuse to play dead

The NHL's orphan team is getting so frisky it might find an owner

club's ownership situation—"We don't have an offer on the line," Campbell says—weighs heavily on them. "The trouble is, no one cares whether we win or lose," says Captain Joey Johnston. "In fact, now that we are owned by the other clubs, all they want us to do is lose."

To this day the NHL regrets that it awarded a 1967 expansion franchise to the 53-man group of partners that included 49er Quarterback John Brodie and was headed by former Princeton Goal-tender Barry van Gerbig. "Unfortunately, the original error was our own," Campbell confesses. "We gave the team to a schoolboy who played good golf and wore a Princeton tie. If we had that proper management out there at the start we wouldn't still be doing missionary work today."

Chaos set in early. Control of the Seals passed from the van Gerbig bloc to a group of Harlem Globetrotter owners, then reverted to van Gerbig and his friends. They planned to move the franchise to Vancouver, which did not have an NHL team at the time, but the league did not approve the proposal and was sued by van Gerbig. A New York conglomerate called Trans National Communications then assumed control of the Seals but encountered serious money problems and abandoned the hockey business. The chief rivals for the open franchise were Finley and Roller Derby Promoter Jerry Seltzer.

Seltzer approached the NHL's governors with a detailed outline of his marketing and promotional plans for the Seals. Then Finley went into the room,

told some funny baseball stories and got the franchise. He promised the governors that he would move to Oakland and promote the Seals throughout the Bay Area. True, Finley outfitted the Seals in a splendid traveling wardrobe, right down to new Guccis, and flew them first class, but he staffed the front office inadequately and, in time, suffered from the loss of key players to the WHA and a resultant drop in attendance.

Finley even had a Catfish Hunter case of sorts on his hockey team. To keep Defenseman Dick Redmond away from the WHA, Garry Young, then general manager, signed him to a two-year contract for about \$85,000 a season. When Finley learned about Redmond's contract, he let Young go. At the same time Finley decided that Redmond was worth only about \$30,000 a year and began paying him at that rate. Redmond screamed to the NHL Players' Association, and in short order a trade was worked out whereby he became a member of the Chicago Black Hawks.

But Finley is out, too. At present the Seals are operated by an appointed two-man caretaker force of Munson Campbell (no relation to Clarence) and Bill McCreary. Campbell writes interesting biographical sketches for Seals publications and likes to drop famous hockey names such as Jack Adams into conversations; however, his main hockey accomplishment seems to be that he was a Yale classmate of Detroit Red Wing Owner Bruce Norris. McCreary was an obscure checking forward during his five playing seasons in the NHL and he failed as a coach in St. Louis and Vancouver.

Campbell and McCreary obviously have been told to pinch pennies. The Seals frequently travel on the day of a game in violation of NHL rules, but it saves thousands of dollars in charter costs. And in what has to be described as an economy move, last week the Seals traded promising Defenseman Bruce Afleck, their No. 2 selection in the most recent amateur draft, to the St. Louis Blues for retread Right Wing Frank Spring. "Aleck carried a big ticket to the pay window," explained one member of the Seals.

Money problems aside, the Seals have displayed considerable flair on the ice, particularly in Oakland where a self-appointed cheerleader known as Crazy

George incites the 6,500 regular patrons with wild drum-beating and frenetic rushes up and down the aisles. "We ought to take Crazy George with us on the road," says Marshall Johnston.

The 33-year-old coach, a former Seals defenseman, communicates effectively with his young players, but he and McCreary seem to be on different wavelengths. One night McCreary decided Johnston needed coaching help, so he got walkie-talkie units in order to buzz the coach with instructions during the game. Early in the first period, Johnston recalls, he received his first message: "Beep-beep. Cab to 66th and Seminary."

"We have real talent here now," Johnston says seriously. "My job is to keep the kids—we are the youngest team in hockey—from getting down on themselves." Remember these names: Dave Hrechkosy, Larry Patey, Fred Ahern, Rick Hampton and Gilles Meloche. Hrechkosy is a top candidate for Rookie

of the Year, with 16 goals and several hundred solid body checks in just 36 games. The Seals discovered Patey, a big, strong center, when he was playing for the Braintree, Mass. Hawks, and he has scored 13 goals already. Last season at this time Ahern was playing right wing for Bowdoin College in Brunswick, Maine. During the summer he returned to his home in South Boston and called Bill Cleary, the coach at Harvard, for help in furthering his hockey education. Cleary put Ahern in contact with Seals Scout Jim Sutherland, and Ahern was invited to training camp. "I thought they'd give me a quick look and say goodbye," Ahern says. Instead, he was sent to the Seals' top farm club in Salt Lake City, where he scored 19 goals during the first half of the season. When Hrechkosy was injured a fortnight ago, Ahern was summoned to Oakland. He beat the Flyers' Bernie Parent for a goal in his first NHL game, then scored the

winning goal against St. Louis two nights later.

Hampton is the 18-year-old defenseman who signed a three-year, \$500,000 contract with the Seals last summer and already rates with the best young players in the game. He carries the puck with authority and seems to be an arful defender in the J. C. Tremblay mold. "If Rick played for New York or Boston or Montreal," says teammate Jim Neilson, "they'd be talking about him as the second coming of Bobby Orr."

Meloche has been the Seals' regular goaltender since the 1971-72 season. In the past he has suffered from severe shellshock, but now, at the age of 24, he sees better days ahead. "One night I left the ice in tears after the Rangers beat me for about a dozen goals," Meloche says. "I had to learn the hard way. No more. I knew my time would come—and it is not that far away."

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END

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BY WILLIAM O. JOHNSON

Switzerland's Cresta Run is a dangerous toy for a band of daredevils who shoot its icy course, chase each event with buckets of champagne and cheerily note that

EVERY MAN



The Cresta Run is a serpentine chute made of ice, perhaps four feet wide, and it is one of the most dangerous toys in the world. It winds down the mountainside at St. Moritz, Switzerland. It is a classic, one-of-a-kind creation: the walls are two feet high all the way to the bottom except for a couple of particularly tricky turns where they are banked much higher to prevent the riders from flying out of the chute too often. The course has a vertical drop of 514 feet over about three-quarters of a mile.

Cresta riders make the run lying belly-whopper on a short, heavy sled called either a toboggan, a wagon or, for some arcane reason, a skeleton. The sled consists of a flat, padded surface about 3¼ feet long which slides so that the rider

can shift his weight forward and backward and, beneath it, a set of rolled steel runners. Buff up the runners a bit with emery cloth and the contraption takes off, accelerating all the way. The men who are good at the game average more than 49 mph for the entire run, hitting almost 85 mph near the bottom.

The Cresta has developed a cult of its own over the decades, a loyal legion of commoners and millionaires, with a sprinkling of royalty—men who have tested its mystical drops and curves and competed for its myriad cups and trophies since it was first built in 1884. The Cresta cult is known as the St. Moritz Tobogganing Club, an exclusive organization with headquarters at the Kulm Hotel in St. Moritz. And the club exists

only because the Cresta Run exists.

When the second Lord Brabazon of Tara was alive, there was no man more dedicated to the traditions and continuity of the Cresta. His father, a member of Parliament, had been a good rider before him and president of the club from 1939 to 1954. He himself had been a young Cresta daredevil. His son has been closely involved. So when the second Lord Brabazon died at 63 last Dec. 11 a link was broken. There was mourning among all riders, for the old man's enthusiasm and intense affection for this strange sport would not be matched for a long time to come.

In the last year of his life Lord Brabazon was a tallish, stooped fellow with thick spectacles, a splendid aristocratic

continued

HAS A MAD STREAK



overbite and a dignified mien. He was given to a double-breasted blue blazer with silver buttons bearing the image of a Cresta rider. He and Lady Brabazon had spent most of each January and February at the Kulm for the past several decades so that they could enjoy the high season of the Cresta. This was enormously important to Lord Brabazon, though it had been years since he himself had ridden the chute.

"You see," he said, "all my friends are here during high season. If I were to come at Christmas, I would not know a single bloody soul. The blokes would all be *strangers*. My parents began coming to St. Moritz in 1911 and I suppose I have been here every winter since—counting out the wars, of course." Lord Brabazon paused and gazed across the vast lobby of the Kulm. "Yes, counting out the wars," he said thoughtfully. "Before the war I was considered rather a promising young rider of the Cresta. I came back to appear again in 1951—14 years, mind you, after my last run. It was only for enjoyment then, not a hope in hell of winning anything. People missed so much due to the war." He sipped a cup of tea. "I haven't been down the run in 10 years now and I'll never go again, never."

When asked why, Lord Brabazon looked gently astonished that anyone would consider such a question necessary. "Because it frightens me terribly." He looked searchingly through his heavy spectacles, as if to be certain that he was understood. Then he spoke slowly, choosing his words with care. "When the exhilaration is worth the fright, then you must do it, you must ride the Cresta. But when the exhilaration is not worth the fright, then you must give it up. That is merely sensible, isn't it?"

Robert C. Ennis of West Roxbury, Mass., is 44 years old, a foreign-car dealer. He is the best, currently, of the half a dozen or so American businessmen who regularly run the Cresta and has won two trophies there. "Americans seem to stay away from the Cresta," he says. "They think it's silly. Also frightening. I'm afraid, too, but I like to use my intellect to overcome my instincts, and finishing a fast Cresta run is just the grandest feeling in the world—you wind up grinning

like a fool. The G forces are awful and the illusion of speed is greater than driving a Ferrari at 200 mph. It blows off the whole year's dust that first time you run the Cresta each winter. We see each other here for a month or six weeks a year, no more, and we become great friends—for life, I suppose. The high season at the Cresta is an unforgettable time. There is absolutely nothing like it in the world."

It is high season at the Cresta now, and once more in the cold, golden St. Moritz mornings the riders assemble at Top, smoking cigarettes and speaking in a mix of English, French, German as they wait their turns in the little wooden warming hut with the cupola roof. As always, Cresta riders are a motley crowd, fairly tough-looking. Some have not yet shaved for the day and they are usually just out of bed, so there is some yawning, a little snorting, hawking and spitting. They are wearing the prescribed armor and equipment for their runs—crash helmets and goggles, heavy leather elbow pads and thick knee cushions, metal-plated knuckle pads over leather gloves, big clumsy brogans with the essential Cresta "rakes" bolted to the toes. The rest of their clothing is disreputable—soiled jump suits, old ski jackets, baggy ski pants, Levi's, moth-bitten sweaters, patched knickers. There is, as always, a raffish hint of the seedy daredevil in their appearance, a touch of the carnival motorcycle stuntman, the Roller Derby rowdy, even winterized Knives. This appearance is deceptive, for riders of the Cresta are, if nothing else, men of respectability. Many are very rich, well educated; some are extremely well-born.

An alarm bell rings and a rider rises from his bench in the warming hut and strides outside. It is lovely at Top in the morning. Behind him, a church steeple looms in the bright sky. Off to his right, another spire rises over the roofs of St. Moritz. And directly below lies the Cresta Run.

The course is crystalline and very hard after the night's freeze. The rider's name is spoken over the loudspeaker from the Cresta Clubhouse down the hill; his time has come. He lowers his goggles, stoops over his toboggan and grips its sides. He takes a deep breath, exhales, then sud-

denly breaks into a series of quick digging steps, pushing the toboggan toward the steep drop beyond the start line. Just before he passes the electronic timer-sensors, the rider flings himself belly down on his wagon with a great grunt. He dips instantly down the run. His head and shoulders vanish, his feet tilt up, and he plunges over the brink onto the Cresta. Only an eerie rumbling can be heard as the wagon picks up momentum on the boiler-plate ice. This strange metallic thunder fades as the toboggan streaks down . . . down past all the dips and curves that have been long ago honored with names as familiar to a rider as his children's . . . Church Leap, Curzon Turn and Brabazon Turn, Rise, Battle-dore, the dread Shuttlecock, Stream Corner . . . down into Balpates, Scylla, Charybdis.

Retired Air Vice-Marshal R. A. Ramsay Rae (C.B., O.B.E.) is secretary of the St. Moritz Tobogganning Club (SMTC), and it is his job to manage all affairs of the Cresta Run. "Ronnie," as he is called, is a big burly man, bluff and hearty in manner, unfailingly outgoing. It is Ronnie Rae's voice one hears booming out all along the Cresta over the clubhouse public-address system, offering a genial and sometimes thrilling play-by-play critique of each run: "... there is Burgestein coming right down the center of the track . . . oh, a very nice run . . . yes, he has taken a very clean line . . . oh, a little bit of swing at Brabazon . . . he's going into Shuttlecock now . . . yes, he's high on the wall, very high . . . oh, but it's a beautiful Shuttlecock . . . a lovely Shuttlecock." There is no hint of hysteria or hype in the PA reports of the secretary. For example, if a chap rides too high at the dangerously sharp Shuttlecock turn and flies out of the course—tumbling toboggan over teakettle into the snow and hay pile there—Ronnie Rae will say with just a trace of sharpness in his voice, "Oh, oh, some trouble there at Shuttlecock." There will be a moment of pained silence while all wait to learn if the rider can rise. (Shuttlecock causes more casualties than any spot on the

continued

Hurting down, the rider faces tight turns, increasing G forces and an 83-mph finish.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOKE



Cresta, two years ago a rider was killed there.) Then when the victim stands, the secretary will say calmly, "Uh, no problem . . . he's up and brushing himself off. Good lad." When a run is completed, a rider's time is registered in an electronic instant at Ronnie Rae's elbow and the crowd of spectators waits eagerly for Rae's first words. "Hello, hello, hello!" the secretary may say. "Nino Bibbia has got himself a 56.30!" Lord Brabazon spoke of Ronnie Rae's announcing style: "We all listen very carefully to hear the number of hellos," he said. "Two hellos means a fine run, you see. And of course three hellos is something rather out of the ordinary."

The new president of the St. Moritz Tobogganing Club is a sandy-haired, amiable London banker named Roger G. Gibbs. He was nominated to the position in 1973 and was unanimously elected when two other candidates, Sir Dudley Cunliff-Owen, Bt., the former president, and Prince Constantin of Liechtenstein, withdrew their names on the theory that it would be unseemly for a noble institution like the SMTC to hold a contested election. Though low-key in both demeanor and delivery, Roger Gibbs speaks with candor and enthusi-

asm about the Cresta and its riders. "I think every man on the Cresta has a mad streak," he says. "We have had all types—royalty, of course, the Duke of Kent, a prince from Iran, Tino, of course, of Liechtenstein. The first Lord Brabazon, you know, went down in his 80th year. He wanted to go from Top, but the committee barred him from that and made him go from Junction. He arrived at the bottom very much out of breath. A doctor was waiting, but Lord Brabazon was fine, of course, and when he caught his breath he and the doctor had a glass or two of champagne."

"The bloody Cresta fever catches us all. Waiting in that little hut at Top with cold feet and a hot toddy is like the fountain of youth for some. Stuffy bankers let themselves go on the Cresta. It's escapism, all right. But the Cresta brings in a fantastic lot of business to St. Moritz. It attracts many kinds of people. Birds and the older generation like to paddle over to see the Cresta riders. It is a healthy outlet in many ways, you know."

The first Cresta Run was built at St. Moritz in 1884 by one Major W. H. Bulpetts. It was put up as an answer to a similar toboggan slide for tourists in nearby Davos, which in the 1870s had become

St. Moritz' major rival in the Engadine Valley. Early Cresta riders used toboggans that were like an extra-long luge and were ridden in a sitting position. A wagon that is almost identical to the one still used today was introduced in 1892. The sliding seat, an important addition to Cresta technique, was invented in 1901 by a celebrated rider named John A. Bott. In 1928 and 1948, when the Winter Olympics were held in St. Moritz, the Cresta was a bona fide Olympic event in both Games. The Run itself used to cross

Season winner Paul Felder prepares a toast.



Toting trophies full of bubbly, Captain J.W.A. Woodall wins another decoration for bravery.



the main St. Moritz-Celerina road, a situation that involved a lot of bell ringing and signaling each time a rider prepared to go so that two gates could be lowered across the road. "Clearly, this was a poor arrangement," says SMTC Annual Report No. 53, "and it was a great relief when the present road bridge was built by the civil authorities at no cost to the club. Most riders were a bit windy about the crossing and the rough surface caused a slight check in speed." The bridge over the Cresta came in 1932. The other significant structural improvement occurred in 1929 when a new finish area was built. "This was a very great help," it is noted in the annual report, "as the

old finish was much too short and required a heavy dressing of sawdust to enable a rider to pull up sufficiently to avoid a big leap in the air at the top of it. The sawdust covered one's clothes and spilt the polish on the runners, but was absolutely indispensable."

The cost for reconstructing the Cresta each season, a mere £300 in 1900, now runs between £12,000 and £14,000. Over the years the Cresta has fallen on very hard times. Roger Gibbs says, "The Cresta has been permanently broke, you know, and with the rampant inflation of recent years, we have been fighting like tigers to stand still. What with a large number of auctions and charity balls to raise money, we are continuing to make a go of it."

The membership of the SMTC is by no means exclusively aristocratic or even particularly wealthy. Indeed, two of the very best riders are local St. Moritz merchants—Nino Bibbia, a grizzled old mountain man who runs a grocery, and Paul Felder, who owns a clock shop. As Lord Brabazon asserted in no uncertain terms, "The Cresta is the classic example of democracy and Nino Bibbia is the classic example of how well it works, you see. He's Nino to me, and I'm Derek to him. I buy my *Bündnerfleisch* at Bibbia's market, yet he is one of the only people in the world I kiss on both cheeks when we meet. Now, there is a slight social element involved in being elected to membership in the Cresta. I don't mean from a class point of view, of course not. But we must maintain certain standards. For example, there is an awkward situation now—a bloke who is a bloody fine runner, but who is cordially disliked by many members. He is known to be involved in a somewhat shady business. We don't want him and, despite his obvious skill as a rider, we are putting off his membership. But if a man's technical qualifications as a rider are equal and no one says he's a bloody bore or another kind of boomer, if he's a good drinker and a good bloke, then he'll be in, won't he? There is room for all kinds—we need occasional clowns, you know, to keep it all alive, all going, and one fellow who is not a very good rider but in a very loud way is good fun will be elected quite without trouble."

Lord Brabazon could become intense

in his discussion of the Cresta's enlightened ways, but that was understandable, since he had been profoundly involved in it for so long. He was president from 1963-1968, and his son ("He showed promise as a rider, but he is a responsible fellow and perhaps that was his problem in running the Cresta") is honorary assistant treasurer. "This is really an English club, you know," said Lord Brabazon. "Oh, we've had an American president and a Canadian, but perhaps it is as the Germans say: 'The English are the only people who know how to run a proper club.' Of course, I believe that's true. For example, we were considering the membership of Adolf von Ribbentrop. Now that is an unfortunate name for any bloke, God knows that. He was the son of Hitler's foreign minister, who no doubt rang up the Führer and said, 'I have a son, sir, and I'm naming him after you, sir!' Well, the Swiss members here didn't like it, not a bit, bringing in a bloke with that name. But we British said, 'Oh, come now, it's not his bloody fault that he has that name. Let's elect him, he's a good enough fellow, and you must admit that going through life with a name like that is not a good start for anyone, now is it?' Yes, I would agree that the English certainly do know how to run a proper club perhaps better than anyone."

It was Lord Brabazon's father who coined the oft-repeated motto caveat: *The Cresta keeps its secrets*. There really is an aura of mystery to the run and men who have ridden it for years are hard put to explain its strange ways.

Harry Hays Morgan, 75, a former U.S. diplomat who has lived in Europe for decades, is one of the most venerable of Cresta riders. Morgan began making runs in 1924, was SMTC president for six years in the '30s and is, as he says, "the only living founding member of the Shuttlescock Club." That dubious society numbers several hundred members who have one single thing in common—they all have flipped off the course at the notorious Shuttlescock curve. Morgan also donated the Morgan Cup, which has long been considered one of Cresta's "classic" awards.

"There is no understanding the Cresta," Morgan says. "You just can't know

from one season to the next how it should be run. You never even know what kind of chap will be the greatest rider in any given season. Some bookkeeper may become just fantastic. There is no predictability in the Cresta."

The kind of men who have fathomed the Cresta's secrets vary greatly over the years. The most consistent winner in the history of the run is the St. Moritz grocer, Nino Bibbia, who has ridden the Cresta thousands of times and each season has an opportunity to learn its every new ripple, every cold lump, every nook where blowing snow may gather to slow down the unwary runner. Nino, now 52, has won more than 300 different cups and trophies, and when Ronnie Rue comments a Bibbia run he invariably refers to him as "The Grand Old Man of the Cresta." Nino's advantage, of course, is that he is able to ride the run continuously under all conditions from the moment it opens in December until the last moment of high season at the end of February. Lord Brabazon said, "Nino runs the Cresta at least two or three times more than anyone else. His knowledge is bloody colossal. Yet even the cracks like Nino have to find out the run again anew every year. The Cresta looks the same every year, but it is not the same, and the fact of a mere meter at a turn may make the difference. Nino understands all of these little nuances, you see."

Another great rider of recent years is a polished, well-spoken fellow named Bruno Bischofberger, a Swiss art dealer with galleries in St. Moritz, Zurich and New York. In 1972 Bischofberger won all five classic Cresta races—the Curzon Cup and the Heaton Gold Cup (run from the Junction start at the clubhouse), the Grand National, the Morgan Cup and the Brabazon Trophy—plus seven other races. It was an incredible display of courage and consistency by a man whose occupation—and his preoccupation—is with the often arcane, always eclectic world of contemporary art. He deals mainly in the work of new American masters—Rauschenberg, Lichtenstein, Johns, Warhol. Though no man can run constantly on the Cresta without a monumental reserve of gambler's guts and an intrinsic disdain for danger, Bischofberger brought more technological change and creativity to the venerable sport than

continued

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A MAD STREAK continued

anyone had for years. "I had lots of luck in 1972," he says, "and don't think for a moment you can win here without luck. You're talking about hundredths of a second, you know. But I did have some new ideas. One had to do with the rakes on the boots. Everyone has to use them to control the wagon on curves—by pressing the metal runners on your toes against the ice. All these runners used to be sharp and, of course, they slowed you down when you pressed them against the ice for a curve because they cut into the surface. I made mine shiny and polished so they glided on the ice rather than cut it. It saved maybe one-tenth to one-fifth of a second per run, depending on conditions. I also developed what they call the 'Kamikaze Posture.' It simply means putting your hands back along your sides instead of keeping your elbows out with your hands on the toboggan runners. It cut down on air resistance. They said I was crazy to try it, that the wagon would go out of control, but on the relatively straight runs below Shuttlecock the Kamikaze Posture worked just fine. The other thing I did that helped some was I stuck my arm out full length ahead of the wagon as I came to the finish sensors. This maybe saved one one-hundredth of a second. I beat a man by precisely that margin once in a fairly important race when I stuck my arm out and he didn't."

Bischofberger was not running last season. Mostly he was standing around the clubhouse in a stunning ankle-length wolfskin coat. He had injured his chest, and the pain was too much to ride the Cresta. "There are certain typical injuries caused by accidents here," he said. "Cracked ribs are very common and very painful. You can only lie on your back, and every cough or sneeze leaves you in agony for many minutes. I have had 54 falls at Shuttlecock in my Cresta career. One season I went out 20 times. All of us suffer from Cresta Elbow, which is caused by the strong pull and the violent jiggling on your elbow muscles during the run. Broken collarbones and arms and dislocated shoulders are routine. Almost everyone has broken his finger at one time or another. You simply make the mistake of putting it too far down on the wagon runner and you get it under the toboggan. Everyone who has done much

riding here has a gnarled finger or two. Riding the Cresta is my favorite sport, but the best may be past for me. I have come to be a little afraid, I think."

Another superb rider who was having a fairly good season last year, although not quite up to his potential, was a strapping 28-year-old British army captain named J.W.A. Woodall. His impressive size—about 6'2", around 200 pounds—makes him an ideal Cresta contestant, for weight is an advantage. Woodall was sitting in the Sunny Bar of the Kulm, the traditional gathering place for riders after races. He was sipping champagne and there was a good-looking blonde by his side. Though he looks like a great rosy-cheeked bear, J.W.A. Woodall is an articulate and sensitive young man, and his description of his brief but very successful career on the Cresta (he began scarcely two years ago) was quite eloquent. "Last year it was like floating when I rode my wagon; it was a free-flying experience. I felt like a beach boy, a surfer searching for the right wave and finding it nearly every time I rode. I was working with my toboggan then, it was like a love affair. A toboggan is an art form, you know, and I was slightly in love with my toboggan last year. When the season was ended, I went to the maker of these wagons and I said, 'I feel the runners are not perfectly bowed and it is a little crooked. We must make it beautiful so it will run for all the cups this year.' The maker agreed that it could become a beautiful joboggan, so I confirmed that the work would be done in July. But then, when I arrived to get my toboggan this season, the maker had done nothing but give it a fresh coat of paint. I took it from him and took it to a garage and tried to twist the runners right, but they were too soft."

"Oh, what a mistake it was to try and change that lovely skeleton. I have not done well this year. Today in the race I knew I could do well and that I should do well and that most people thought that I could win and that I should win. But, you see, I knew, in fact, that I could not win. It was a definite sort of knowledge—something I had only felt at roulette before. Well, you know, riding the Cresta is like programming a computer, you add more knowledge with each experience. I have simply not had enough.

The local blokes all knew today that they could ride forward on the turns below, but my experience wasn't enough to save me the split seconds I needed."

Woodall was asked how he was able to manage time off from his army duties to compete in St. Moritz during the full six or eight weeks of the Cresta's high season. He seemed surprised at the question. He said, "The Cresta is good military training, because if one is in the military it is wise to frighten oneself from time to time—a matter of being prepared, you know."

The occasion was the awarding of the Morgan Cup in the Sunny Bar. Harry Hays Morgan was about to give his great silver tub to the 1974 season winner, Paul Felder, the clock-shop operator from St. Moritz. Morgan began his peroration by saying, "Mr. President, my lords and ladies and gentlemen. . . ." As he spoke, the waiters began to pour champagne into the huge bowl of the trophy. Cork after cork popped as speech after speech went on. Lord Brabazon grinned proudly, as if he were the father of everyone in the bar. At last someone called for "a firework in honor of the winners," and a ruddy-faced chap named Johnny O'Brien rose and said, "Everyone on your feet now, we want a tremendous firework."

Then he proceeded to lead the cheer: "BOOM! Sssssssss BOOOOM! Aaaaaaahhh."

Lord Brabazon leaned over and exclaimed, "You see, it's just like a real bloody firework display. First an explosion. Then the whistle as another firework is launched. Then another explosion. Then the crowd sounds its appreciation. . . aaaaaahhhhh."

When Paul Felder rose to take the champagne-filled cup from the table, there were cries around the bar of "Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" Lord Brabazon explained that this referred to Felder being in the clock business. Felder hefted the huge champagne-filled trophy and drank. The grand silver vat was passed among the top-ranked finishers in the race and each took great gulps. Someone said the cup held the contents of 28 bottles of champagne and that the winner had to pay for all of it. There was much laughter, many jokes and more cries of "Cuckoo!" as champion Paul Felder moved from

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group to group for the champagne toasts.

The Cresta is not just for the daring men who belong to the SMTC. Indeed, for \$40, any person—any male person, that is—is quite free to take five rides from the Junction starting point. Women are flatly and unashamedly excluded, because, as Lord Brabazon explained, "They once did the Cresta—and very well, too—but a woman was hurt many years ago, I believe, and damaged her child-bearing capacities beyond repair. The club decided it was bloody well time to put a stop to women on the Cresta." Though most members of the club loudly proclaim the general equality of women, there is one prominent sign in the dressing room for Cresta riders. It says: "Where Women Cease from Troubling and the Wicked Are at Rest . . . The SMTC."

Many tourists in St. Moritz take advantage of the run for a never-to-be-forgotten thrill. One of the most celebrated novices to try the Cresta was the erstwhile swashbuckler Errol Flynn who, it is claimed, made a special trip to Switzerland for the sole purpose of proving the genuineness of his manhood by mastering the run. Never has there been more snickering done at the expense of a single ego. Flynn arrived to make the run from the Junction one morning around 1950 (nobody recalls the exact year; Ronnie Rae figures it was "soon after Flynn conquered Burma singlehanded"). It is said that the actor turned ashen when he saw the pitch of the run and realized that he would have to lie on his belly and careen down it.

There is only one way for a man to keep himself from zinging down the Cresta out of control: by the simple but strenuous method of pressing his toe rakes ever harder against the ice. If a man has enormously strong legs, he can press hard enough to bring the wagon to a full stop on the course.

Errol Flynn, it turned out, was blessed with precisely such strong legs. Those who were there said that he began by barely moving down the chute, then dug in his rakes until he went even slower. At Shuttlecock, instead of rising a mad and dramatic flying tumble out of the course, he came to a complete stop. It was at this point—the stories vary a bit—

that he either lit a cigarette or swigged some champagne with a beautiful woman, who appeared as if by magic. Later he continued his steady progress down the run. The record from Junction to Finish is 43.45 seconds, and a respectable time for a beginner would be perhaps 70 seconds or 80. Some people take more than 100 seconds and are not ashamed. Errol Flynn took 180 seconds to reach the bottom. This is the slowest time ever recorded on the Cresta except for a fellow named Swanson from Boston who took a little longer. As the story goes, Flynn was so mortified by his performance that he left the course, climbed into a waiting Rolls-Royce, perhaps containing the same mysterious woman and her champagne, and left Switzerland, never again to return and risk reminders of the worst belly flop of his career.

Of course, many people distinguish themselves on the Cresta. Canada's Prime Minister Trudeau ran it in a most impressive 65-plus seconds. Former U.S. ski team downhiller Billy Kidd did it in a fine 51-plus. Dr. Bud Little of Helena, Mont., a vice-president of the Fédération Internationale de Ski, tried the Cresta a couple of years ago and managed to run over his finger and fracture it just before he flew out of the run at Shuttlecock. Still, his spill there allows him the right to buy (for \$5) a special Shuttlecock necktie, which he wears frequently.

I rode the Cresta last year, as did Jerry Cooke, ST's director of photography. Cooke made a strong toe-rake run in precisely 141.16 seconds.

My own experience on the Cresta was both disappointing and exhilarating. The first impression of a Cresta ride is the proximity of the ice to one's face—eight inches or so away—when one lies upon the toboggan. There is also an immediate realization as the wagon begins to move from its dead-stop start at Junction that this thing is very hard to slow down and virtually impossible to stop once it begins. There is a sense of helplessness—plus a realization that all ahead is unknown, that no experience one has had before is of any use in guessing what will happen or how to react to it. The Cresta is unique—and God knows all its secrets were absolutely locked away as far as I was concerned.

I dug in the toe rakes with a vengeance, yet the wagon's speed continued to build. The icy floor flashed by my chin and the rumble of the wagon on boiler plate began to rise in a crescendo. The first turn is fairly gentle, but just beyond lies Shuttlecock and all its horror. As I approached it I saw the high bank of ice—six or eight feet high—and I saw how one could climb it in a trice and rise flying over the brink into the snow.

Then I heard another sound building above the wagon's clatter. It was a horrible noise I had never heard before. What in the world could it be? It was me, yelling with fear. But, no. My toe rakes were strong and I went around the corner safe and deep in the rut, far below the wall where the good Cresta runners ride. The run went on; I thundered under a bridge or two, caught glimpses of people in brown coats watching me. My legs could no longer hold the rakes against the ice and the wagon began gaining speed. And then, at last, there was a flashing final dip and I sped past two red flags. The run turned steeply upward and it was all over. I rose weak-kneed with a rush of joy and tottered like a man rescued from a burning house toward the attendants, who watched me with bored expressions.

My time was 97.09. No three hellos from the secretary on that. A slim chap who had gone down before joined me in the truck for the ride back up to the clubhouse. He introduced himself and said he was the assistant personnel manager of the Kulm. "I think the Cresta is wonderful. It starts the day so well," he said. "You must do it again." I nodded. I did do it again, hoping to better my time. I felt a little more confidence this time, a little less fear. I still bellowed as I slid. Nevertheless, I thought I had unleashed a crazy unbuttoned ride that would perhaps set some kind of record for beginners. This was not the case. My time was 88.39 and I did not ride the Cresta again. In reflecting on the words of wonderful old Lord Brabazon, I really couldn't decide: Was the exhilaration worth the fright or was the exhilaration *not* worth the fright?

Even now, I am not certain. Perhaps that is one of the secrets the Cresta will always withhold from me. **END**

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Jan. 6-12

PHD BASKETBALL—NBA The Washington Bullets, owners of the best record in the league and leaders of the Central Division, snapped a three-game losing streak with a 102-90 win over Phoenix. Mike Roston scored 31 points. Elton Hayes had 27 and Phil Chenier added 26. The next night Houston lost to the Bulls and returned to Cleveland, which lost Lester Jan Chenier for at least four weeks because of a shoulder strain in his right foot. New Orleans won 104-84, a 111-90 triumph over the Rockets in which Pete Maravich scored 38 points. Pacific Golden State began the week with a 136-94 home-op against the L.A. but ended it with a 104-109 loss to hometown Chicago. The Bulls won two other games as well: Detroit beat Atlanta and Milwaukee to improve the Midwest lead (last 35). The Bucks also lost to Kansas City-Oswego at Kops Grand Lane Amphitheater scored 92 points. Boston increased in Atlanta. Division lead by 112 points. Cavs won a 108-100 triumph over Washington Buffalo. The absence of Dave Delvecchia because of a sore throat at the New York Knicks struggled with forward problems. Playing only three games, Rick Barry had 31 points against the Knicks on a 21-56 win for Garden State. Bulls' Cameron had 24 points faced Philadelphia's Gary Buffalo 90-79. The Bulls also beat the Kings. Seattle was the only western team during the week while Portland won three games. Phoenix's home was against New York. Despite a 100-90 win, the team was the only western team during the week while Portland won three games. Phoenix's home was against New York. Despite a 100-90 win, the team was the only western team during the week while Portland won three games.

ABA With fans on the coast, San Antonio finished short-handed in a grueling 120-128 loss at Denver. The team stretched the Nuggets' home victory streak to a record 22. Later in the week the Spurs beat the West leaders 130-108 in San Antonio. Utah fell farther back with losses to Denver, San Antonio, San Diego and Los Angeles. After losing to the Spurs 109-106, the Colts marched over Virginia and St. Louis, too. Dallas scored 25 points in the loss, which is the 10th place in ABA history to reach the 100,000-point level in regular-season play. Indiana's George McGinnis, the league's leading scorer, had 15 points in the Hornets' 104-90 win against the New York Nets in a 121-119 win that helped New York's Eugene Stokas. San Diego's red-hot Shelly Sharkey, former star at Southeastern University, who put his first pro game on a Dwight Lusk score 26 points against the Stars. St. Louis' Marvin Barnes grabbed 11 rebounds in a 111-107 overtime win against Memphis.

BOWLING—EARL ANTHONY earned \$7,000 by defeating Joe Finner 247-216 in the final of the 166,000 Greater Los Angeles Open.

BOXING—Mexico's MIGUEL CANTO became the

WBC's world flyweight champion by taking a 15-round decision from the defending titleholder, Shiro Ogata of Japan, in Sendai, Japan.

PHD FOOTBALL—Franco Harris' record-breaking 135-yard rushing performance led the Pittsburgh Steelers to a 19-6 victory over Minnesota in Super Bowl IX (Jan. 12).

GOLF—JOHNNY MILLER, caddied a 250, the lowest 72-hole total in PGA competition since 1959, to top the field in the Phoenix Open by 14 strokes (Jan. 10).

HOCKEY—NHL Phil Esposito's 50th career goal, with Hughes in league history, helped Boston's 3-1 victory over the Chicago Black Hawks and moved the Bruins to within two points of Adams Division leader Buffalo. Meanwhile the Sabres beat St. Louis and settled for a tie with Detroit. It was a winless week for the Red Wings, losing 3-0 to Toronto and tying Boston. New York Rangers continued their run by beating St. Louis 3-1 for their eighth straight triumph. The Rangers kept a high-scoring week with a 6-2 triumph of Vancouver, which tied the Seattle Division. Then slammed Kansas City 6-1. Atlanta blanked Washington 3-0 and edged California 1-2. The Flames also had a pair of ties that helped them get on top in the tight Patrick Division race. The Los Angeles New York Islanders won (see, too), including a 1-1 victory at Philadelphia, which did not help anything. Los Angeles scored their second-period goals against Minnesota to win 4-2 and broke an road streak to 12-2-6, best in the league. Pittsburgh managed a win and a tie.

WHA Quebec and Toronto continued to fight it out for the leadership of the Canadian Division, the Titans winning twice and the Nordiques scoring three victories to hold a three-point edge. Toronto did lose Coach Billy Harris, who cited illness in his family as the reason for taking a two-week leave of absence. West Coast leader Boston Bruins edged Phoenix 6-0, but the Washington Capitals led the Bruins and Toronto. New England, ties in the East, scored its good stage with a tie at St. Louis. The league battle did become a struggle between Michigan, playing a tight playoff, and the last-place team outdistanced by Boston Vancouver. Vancouver, Chicago, having trouble winning in recent, lost to Minnesota in the Amphitheater. Cleveland was tied and tied Winnipeg, while Edmonton also had a victory.

HORSE RACING—SEAN SPIRIT (21:28), ridden by Graham Lineberger, rallied to beat Clinchmont R.

by a length and a half in the 1 1/4-mile, \$35,000 Bower Handicap, covering the distance in 1:45 3/4.

MOTOR SPORTS—EMERSON FITZPATRICK, driver of a McLaren M23, won the 1980, 200-mile Argentine Formula 1 Grand Prix on 1/30/25.

TENNIS—CHRIS EVERT, now ranked first among women, beat previously top-ranked Billie Jean King 6-1, 6-1 in the final of the \$175,000 Virginia Slams tournament in San Francisco.

TRACK & FIELD—In the first major meet of the indoor season, MARY L. ECKHART won the mile in 3:27.7 to beat Steve Prefontaine (3:38.3) in the National Invitational at Colgate Park. And 500M RALLY, a mile-and-a-half race of A.C. Doyle (40:41), Charles Jones (43:47), Orlando Green (47:41) and Howard Brock (47:49) on a world record of 3:11.9 for an 11-2 track. In women's events SHIRLEY H. GRAM won the 440 in 59.4 and CHIRLY TORRES-SANT took the 200 in 2:08. At FLORIDA TRACK and the short (59:15) and DWIGHT STONES the high jump (3' 1/2").

UNEMPLOYED—ELECTED JOHN FUZAK, president of the NCAA for a two-year term. Fuzak is associate dean and director of the School for Advanced Studies at Michigan State.

NAMED—As head football coach at Kent State, J. DYNIS FITZGERALD, who served four years as defensive coordinator.

NAMED—DAVE GARCIA, a former pro league manager, and Duane H. LIGGETT won the mile in 3:27.7 to beat Steve Prefontaine (3:38.3) in the National Invitational at Colgate Park. And 500M RALLY, a mile-and-a-half race of A.C. Doyle (40:41), Charles Jones (43:47), Orlando Green (47:41) and Howard Brock (47:49) on a world record of 3:11.9 for an 11-2 track. In women's events SHIRLEY H. GRAM won the 440 in 59.4 and CHIRLY TORRES-SANT took the 200 in 2:08. At FLORIDA TRACK and the short (59:15) and DWIGHT STONES the high jump (3' 1/2").

NAMED—FRED PANCOAST, an head football coach at Vanderbilt. Pancoast completed a 20-12 record in three seasons at Memphis State.

NAMED—KLN STABLER, Oakland Raider quarterback, in the Most Valuable Player in the NFL by Associated Press. Stabler led the Raiders to 12-2 record and the AFC Western Division championship. Stabler the NFL's top offensive player with 23 and completed 31.6% of his passes for 5,446 yards.

SIGNED—To a new contract, MARION CAMPBELL, as head coach of the NFL, Atlanta Falcons. Campbell replaced Norm Brodsky after the Falcons had gone 3-6, they had a 4-3 record during the remainder of the season.

DIED—WALTON CRUISE, 84, an outfielder with the St. Louis Cardinals and Boston Braves (1914-26), in Sylacauga, Ala. Cruise played in baseball's longest game—a 25-inning, 1 1/2 marathon between the Braves and Brooklyn Dodgers on May 1, 1920.

CRICKETS

12, 13—Walter Scott, 14, 15—Marty Flanagan, 16, 17—Derek, 18, 19—Tony, 20—Tony, 21—Tony, 22—Tony, 23—Tony, 24—Tony, 25—Tony, 26—Tony, 27—Tony, 28—Tony, 29—Tony, 30—Tony, 31—Tony, 32—Tony, 33—Tony, 34—Tony, 35—Tony, 36—Tony, 37—Tony, 38—Tony, 39—Tony, 40—Tony, 41—Tony, 42—Tony, 43—Tony, 44—Tony, 45—Tony, 46—Tony, 47—Tony, 48—Tony, 49—Tony, 50—Tony, 51—Tony, 52—Tony, 53—Tony, 54—Tony, 55—Tony, 56—Tony, 57—Tony, 58—Tony, 59—Tony, 60—Tony, 61—Tony, 62—Tony, 63—Tony, 64—Tony, 65—Tony, 66—Tony, 67—Tony, 68—Tony, 69—Tony, 70—Tony, 71—Tony, 72—Tony, 73—Tony, 74—Tony, 75—Tony, 76—Tony, 77—Tony, 78—Tony, 79—Tony, 80—Tony, 81—Tony, 82—Tony, 83—Tony, 84—Tony, 85—Tony, 86—Tony, 87—Tony, 88—Tony, 89—Tony, 90—Tony, 91—Tony, 92—Tony, 93—Tony, 94—Tony, 95—Tony, 96—Tony, 97—Tony, 98—Tony, 99—Tony, 100—Tony.

FACES IN THE CROWD



KIM GOODSON, sophomore at Pankley High in Winston-Salem, N.C., scored 36 points in leading her team to a 47-29 victory over Kenwood High to capture the City High School Girls' Basketball championship in 10 games this season. She has averaged 20 points.



ROBERT OLISLAARS, of The Netherlands, a freshman breaststroke swimmer at the Alford (N.Y.) State College swimming team, bettered a "world record" by breaking water 35 hours, surpassing the Guinness Book of World Records' current mark by three hours.



TOM KOZLOSKY, a senior linebacker on the East Stroudsburg (Pa.) State football team, averaged 18.7 tackles in 10 games this past season. The 6'7", 215-pounder was the Warriors' leading defensive player every game. He averaged 14 tackles his junior year.



TERRI WHITE, of Albuquerque, was voted New Mexico A.A.U. Athlete of the Month after breaking four track records for 6-year-olds. She set new standards in the 50 (7.91, 220 (37.1) and 440 (1:27.9). The next day, she ran a record mile (7:55).



ARNOLD BRADSHAW, 33, coach at Geneva (Ohio) High, has a record of 602-2 as nine years and seven consecutive Northern Ohio Conference titles as the school's first and only tennis coach. He is college at Edinboro (Pa.) State. He was undefeated in 40 singles matches.

Edited by GAY FLOOD

STARTING THE NEW YEAR

Sir:

The two-week wait over the holidays for your Jan. 6 issue was well worth it. Each and every article was a joy to read, especially Jack Nicklaus' review of golf 1974 (*Oscars for Three Stars*). The way Arnold Palmer handled himself on the tour during a most difficult time should be a lesson not only to the young golf stars but to everyone who plays the game of life. The article brought to the attention of the public the type of man Arnie is and also said quite a bit about Big Jack. My hat is off to both of them.

DONALD M. SINCLAIR

Homewood, Ala.

OUT OF THE PAST

Sir:

I enjoyed your Dec. 23 issue immensely. I realize you didn't have room for all the great pictures of the last 20 years in sport (*You Must Remember These*); however, in a quick survey I took of 10 people, nine said Bob Beamon's 1968 Olympic long jump was one of the most amazing things in history. I wish you had included a picture of that.

JOHN HOOTEN

Philadelphia

Sir:

Regarding the picture captioned "When Vroom Goes Boom" of the first lap of the 1966 Indianapolis 500, my curiosity is killing me. With such violent action erupting on the track before them, why are so many spectators looking toward the camera? Something was distracting them. Perhaps there is no explanation.

GEORGE A. GORDEN

Norwich, Conn.

- There is. Those spectators in the infield who had yet to become aware of the accident were still watching the lead cars, which at that instant were rounding the high banked first turn.—ED.

GETTING MINNESOTA'S GOAT

Sir:

My 9-year-old son was wondering why I chose not to renew his subscription, but now that he has read Dan Jenkins' article *The River Made Goats of Themselves* (Jan. 6), I think he is about to ask for a refund. At this writing we don't know the outcome of the Super Bowl game. But Jenkins' statement, "We must now wonder whether the Vikings are actually good enough to beat the Pant, Pass

and Kick winners," should perhaps be rephrased to read, "Pant our subscription, pass our check to *Science Fiction Monthly* and kick Jenkins up the journalism chain of command to Chairman of the Bored."

THOMAS OLINGHAM

Minneapolis

Sir:

For a magazine that projects itself as the No. 1 sports publication in the world, I don't think you are qualified to provide coverage of the first rounds of the Pant, Pass and Kick contest. It is true that Bud Grant is not as exciting to write about as Burt Reynolds and that all the Vikings do is eat, sleep, receive awards for public service and win football games. They are just good guys and good team football players. But after reading Dan Jenkins' article on their National Conference championship game with the Rams I think it is a good thing he does not live in the Twin Cities area. He would be served up at the next tailgate party.

MORRIS ATKINSON

St. Paul

Sir:

Although I consider myself the world's No. 1 Minnesota Viking fan, and I'm proud of it, I must admit that Dan Jenkins' critique of the Rams-Vikings championship game couldn't have been any truer to life. I only hope that each and every player on the Viking squad gets an opportunity to read this highly amusing yet accurate review. The article convinced me that it is writers like Jenkins who make SI what it is today. If indeed Viking Lineman Alan Page is guilty of the subterfuge credited to him by Ram Guard Tom Mack, it only goes to prove what I knew all along: Minnesota linemen are not only brawny but brainy.

KIRK OLSON

Santa Barbara, Calif.

SUPREMACY BOWL?

Sir:

I read with interest John Underwood's article on the sad state of the college bowl lineup (*Bowl-Bound and Bowled Over*, Dec. 23), particularly the arguments about turning the bowl games into an elimination process to determine a national grid champion.

In one someone has neglected to put the question to the folks at the NCAA, why does one of the New Year's bowl games have to be the championship game or even a semi-final game? It would seem reasonable to simply let those bowls go on as they are now.

Play the Rose, the Sugar, the Orange, et al., then let the NCAA, perhaps in conjunction with the wire services, digest the results and select two teams to square off in the ultimate bowl game a week or two later.

This should keep the bowl people happy, since every bowl game would be a potential playoff game, and such a procedure should eventually minimize the horrible mismatches. The big game for the national championship could be played the day before the Super Bowl, and it might appropriately be called the Supremacy Bowl.

JERRY MILLER

Marion, Ind.

SUPER WOMEN

Sir:

If nothing else, the women's Superstars competition and your article (*There's Nothing Like a Dame*, Jan. 6) accomplished two things: they set Women's Lib back at least five years and proved conclusively that the United States has a gymnast every bit as cute as the Soviet Union's Olga Korbut. I'm rooting for Cathy Rigby.

MARC SANCHEZ

Mount Pleasant, Mich.

Sir:

In reading the article I was surprised to discover so many talented female athletes I had never heard of. As Micki King said, "Line us all up, and not even we can pick out who we are."

As a father of a young daughter I believe SI can help remedy this one-sided aspect of sports by selecting a Sportsman of the Year along with each Sportsman of the Year. In 1972 Billie Jean King shared your award with Coach John Wooden. That was a definite step in the right direction.

WILLIAM R. CASEY

Wethersfield, Conn.

CROSS-COUNTRY PEDALERS

Sir:

Your article on bicycle motocross was very good, but the idea that it started in Southern California seems wrong. My brother and I have been racing bicycle motocross for five years, and I am quite sure that we weren't the first to do this. But until just this week I didn't know there was a league.

Thanks for writing about bicycle motocross. It is a great sport. Incidentally, here are a couple of good practice exercises: riding down stairs and riding down snowy hills.

ANDREW WALKMAN

Mystic, Conn.

Sir:

I enjoyed your article on bicycle motocross racing very much. My friends and I practice a similar sport. We race our junkies (old bicycles either bought or made out of spare parts) up, over and around bumps on dirt trails, complete with mud. The bikes are the same 20-inch size, and mine don't last more than six months.

TIM POND

Plattsburgh, N.Y.

Sir:

The sport of bicycle motocross is not totally unlike what is known to the adult European cycling fraternity as cyclocross. While it is still in its rudimentary stage here in the U.S., cyclocross has been a major winter conditioning sport for cyclists in Europe since early in this century. European cyclists take cyclocross very seriously; they don't go in for such things as wheelies or mudair gymnastics. Cyclocross is a grueling contest in which bicycles resembling racing 10-speeds are used to cover short distances of extremely rugged terrain.

KARL A. EICHEL

Columbus, Ind.

KEEPING HOCKEY IN CHECK

Sir:

I have a few comments on Mark Mulvey's article *Applesauce's Recipe* (Jan. 6). As a longtime hockey fan and season-ticket holder of the New York Rangers, I've noticed that the quality of officiating in the NHL has sharply declined over the past few years. Referee Andy Van Hellemond is quoted as saying that the game should be interrupted only when an infraction has direct bearing on the play but, in the meantime, too many players are the recipients of vicious cross checks, slashes and high sticks while the officials stand by and allow the games to get out of control. So far this season there have been two outright brawls during NHL games, one between Philadelphia and the Seals, the other between St. Louis and the Rangers. The league officials should take note of the resurgence of violence and instruct their referees to keep the game under better control.

ROBERT BARRER

Scarsdale, N.Y.

ALL IN THE FAMILY

Sir:

The *Poktwaai Kluis Game* (Jan. 6) is SB at its best. Melvin Maddocks is to be congratulated for capturing the essence of squash as well as for paying tribute to a remarkable dynasty.

RANDY LADRIE

Portland, Ore.

continued



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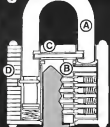
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19TH HOLE *continues*

Sir:

I was delighted and alarmed to read Melvin Maddocks' fine article in the Khan family and squash, delighted because the game is without doubt the best the world has ever seen, alarmed because Maddocks' good words may cause new hopefuls to overcrowd our two modest courts and make me wait even longer to play.

DAVID W. LOWMAN

East Lansing, Mich.

Sir:

Perhaps your readers would be interested in a story related to me by my college squash coach. She was lucky enough to see a match between Hashim and Mo Khan. It took place on an old court that had lights hanging from the ceiling, and because the lights were in the way, a let would be played whenever the ball hit them. Mo went ahead in the game as his considerably older uncle became increasingly tired. But the master had a solution for his fatigue. Twelve times in a row Hashim deliberately hit the lights with his serve to give himself a moment's rest. Not at all surprised by such remarkable accuracy, Mo silently retrieved the ball each time with a knowing and respectful grin. It's called class.

Thank you for the fine article about a too-often neglected sport.

MELANIE TOBIN LAFAVE

Auburn Heights, Mich.

Sir:

When Melvin Maddocks referred to the squash-playing Khans as "very good friends" of my father Arthur B. Sonneborn, it was an understatement. My father began to play squash when he was about 50. He became more than a buff; it was almost his whole life. He went to London regularly for the British Open, and on one such trip put the wheels in motion to bring Hashim Khan to the United States to become the pro at Detroit's Uptown Athletic Club, of which my father was a founding member. Later he helped Hashim bring his wife to the U.S. Hashim's book *Squash Rackets: The Khan Game* was another important project my father had a hand in. No wonder he was able to "guess" the total point score in that pool recalled by Maddocks.

If my father were still alive he would be delighted by Maddocks' article because it recognizes the Khans' utter dominance of squash, a dominance unique in sport.

HARRY L. SONNEBORN
Managing Editor
Midweek Service

Midweek

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